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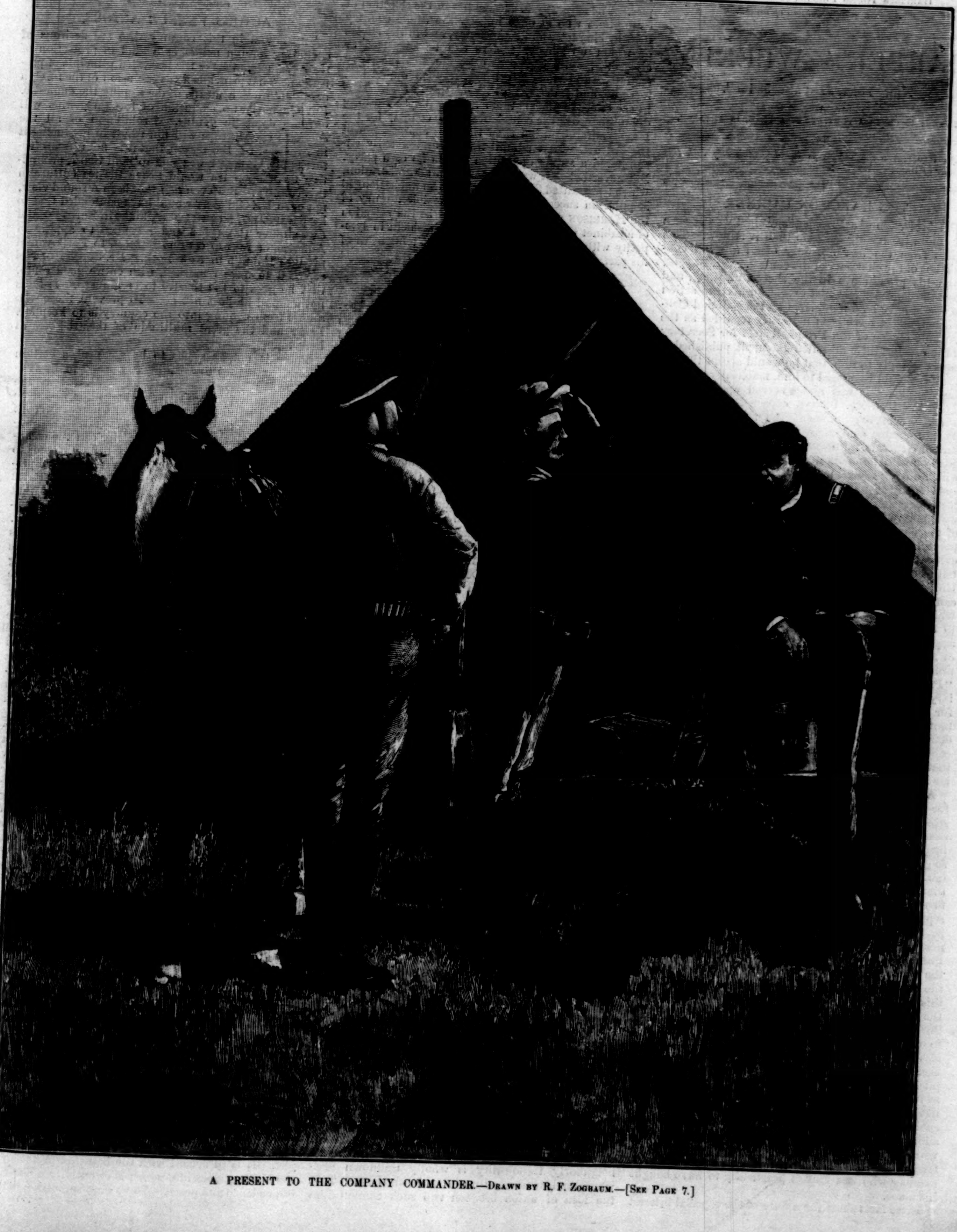

A PRESENT TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

"In the best sense of the term it is an American educator. It fills a large place in the minds of the coming men and women."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for January* 1*st is a New-Year Number in character as well as in date.* MR. F. S. CHURCH *has two illustrations, "A New-Year Greeting" and "Some New-Year Callers."* J. G. BROWN *contributes another of his faithful studies of street Arab character; and* CULMER BARNES *has two amusing drawings.*

"Vrouw Van Twinkle's New-Year Krullers" is the title of a story by AGNES CARR SAGE, *the scene and period of which are the city of New York about two hundred years ago. The story is well illustrated by* ALICE BARBER.

Other contents of this number are: "In the Days of Good Queen Anne," by MRS. BURTON HARRISON; *"Home Studies in Natural History—Winter Guests," by* FELIX L. OSWALD; *and the second instalment of the new serial story, "Captain Polly," by* SOPHIE SWETT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1889.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE HARRISON CABINET.

THE selection of a President's cabinet was never a more interesting question than it is now. This arises from the fact not only of an unusual contest, but of the character of the contest. Mr. BLAINE, from his prominence in the successful party, and from the conceded fact that except for his own action he would have been nominated by the National Convention, might have been naturally regarded as the probable choice of the President-elect for Secretary of State. But the undisputed statement, published in papers friendly to him, that he would accept that office if it should be offered to him, materially changed the situation. It was notice served upon General HARRISON that Mr. BLAINE expected the appointment. From that moment the selection of Mr. BLAINE became equivalent to a surrender upon the part of General HARRISON, which would mean practically a BLAINE administration. The manner in which during the campaign Mr. BLAINE was exalted and General HARRISON regarded as a mere figure-head justly occasioned the feeling that Republican success would mean BLAINE ascendency. The circumstances of the contest for the cabinet are such that his appointment would confirm that conviction. It is evident that it would surprise and chill the most intelligent portion of the party. The resolution of the Union League Club was perfectly plain and significant. It earnestly deprecated "the studied efforts which are being made with undisguised impertinence to force his hand and to put upon him clamorous applicants for places in his cabinet, upon the ground of alleged partisan services, or pecuniary contributions, or local control." This is a three-edged sword. "Partisan services" is the edge for BLAINE, "pecuniary contributions" for WANAMAKER, "local control" for PLATT. The Union League Club, a very important representative body of Republicans, plainly declares against these gentlemen as members of the cabinet. The contest is well understood, and it is that understanding which largely explains the peculiar interest in the selection of the HARRISON cabinet.

Another reason of this interest is the open pressure for "boodle" cabinet appointments, pressure for the selection of the highest officers of administration because of the large sums of money contributed by them to the party treasury. This proposition involves so gross and debasing a prostitution of the chief honors and official responsibilities of the government that it naturally produces a painful anxiety in regard to the cabinet. Senator QUAY, whose sole general reputation in the country is that of an unscrupulous partisan politician, who has been unsparingly stigmatized as such by two of the chief party organs, the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune*, was the chairman of the Republican Committee during the campaign, and is naturally understood to favor this kind of appointment. Here again the action of the President-elect is regarded with peculiar interest. Such an appointment would be also a surrender, and to one of the most corrupt and demoralizing tendencies of the time. Attorney-General GARLAND has been unjustly accused of some kind of improper complicity with the Pan-Electric scandal. His relation to it, however, was simply an error of judgment, and not a defect of integrity. But his presence in the cabinet has been a very serious disadvantage to the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND. It is evident what would be the effect upon the public estimate of General HARRISON of the presence in his cabinet of a member who was known practically to have bought his place.

These facts show the nature of the especial interest in the character of the HARRISON cabinet. The Republican party was defeated in 1884 because of a nomination which showed a moral decadence in the party. It has succeeded in 1888, undoubtedly by questionable means, and the attention of its more patriotic membership and of all intelligent Americans is riveted upon the first act of the new President, which will show whether the spirit of 1884 is still in the ascendant, or whether the wiser and better spirit of the party has prevailed. The principles which should govern the selection of a cabinet are simple and plain. With reasonable regard to locality, the chief party leaders of unsullied reputation and of acknowledged ability are the counsellors whom the President would naturally summon. His perplexity arises from what are called "claims," sustained by tacit threats of party opposition. But in the inevitable conflict of selfish interests and personal ambitions the only sure reliance is upon broad general principles. The sure way to success lies in the selection of counsellors who at once impress the whole country both by character and competency, and in the choice of whom no sinister motive can be suspected or alleged. Such a choice at once elevates the party character and silences censure. Selfish opposition, intrigue, and jealousy no President can avoid. It is in the effort to placate them that he fails. Nothing did more to win the confidence of the country for the HAYES administration than the wise composition of the cabinet. That administration undoubtedly encountered a strong opposition within its own party. But nevertheless it was a Republican administration, which transmitted the government to an unchallenged Republican successor. The best possible augury of the HARRISON administration would be the selection of a cabinet which should show the President in sympathy with the best and not the worst tendencies of his party.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, in speaking of Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S Canadian annexation resolution, expresses the opinion of every sensible American when he says that nothing can be more respectful and friendly than the language of the resolution, and that the American republic, whose fortunes, if not unchequered, are illustrious, offers no insult to Canada in suggesting union. Canada is not an independent state, but its relation with England is doubtless a tenure at will; that is to say, a serious proposition of independence from Canada would not be resisted by the mother-country. Nobody has pointed out more plainly and with more eloquent feeling than GOLDWIN SMITH himself the error of England in not understanding more clearly the situation which led to the violent separation in 1776 of the thirteen American colonies from British supremacy. It is not an error likely to be repeated in the case of Canada. Indeed that belief is one of the strong bonds between the mother-country and the Dominion. It has often seemed to the observer from the United States that the Canadian is more English than the Englishman. The tie between the countries, if one of sentiment mainly, is for that reason peculiarly strong. A certain dislike of the United States will be found probably to be more positive in Canada than in England.

Yet it is one of our good fortunes that our only coterminous neighbor is a community of the same general descent, language, traditions, and institutions as that of the dominant race and spirit in this country. Immediate neighbors upon the same continent, our interests are the same, and no possible international union could be more natural or more simple than that of the two countries. Even so wise a statesman as GOUVERNEUR MORRIS thought that it would be well for us if the vast Louisiana territory beyond the Alleghanies could be occupied by another people and government than ours. But, on the contrary, nothing was so desirable as what actually occurred; that not only the western country to the Pacific, but the northern to the polar sea, should be settled by the same English-speaking race, with all its energies, its character, and its traditions. The political union of this kindred people occupying the continent is one of the certainties of the future. The obstacles of space which formerly would have been insurmountable are now overcome by science and invention, while the government which has proved to be as suitable to a nation of thirty-eight States as to a cluster of thirteen is equally adaptable to the remaining territory of the continent already occupied by essentially the same people.

Yet one of the most striking facts in the rapid and prosperous increase of the thirteen colonies to thirty-eight States, and the population of three millions to sixty or sixty-five millions, is the entire want of the old European spirit of aggression upon its neighbor, and the desire of conquest or absorption. If the two countries had been one, there could not have been profounder peace or less apprehension of trouble. The long customs frontier has been undefended, and neither country has maintained an army. Such neighborly tranquillity is wholly unknown elsewhere, and strikingly illustrates the situation. That the idea of union between two such communities should be entertained is inevitable, and Mr. BUTTERWORTH'S resolution merely gives it respectful expression. Such a union, of course, would be the result of mature consideration and a clear perception of a common benefit. It would not be produced by force or intrigue or trick, but it would be as natural a growth as the constitutional union of the thirteen States a hundred years ago. There is no need upon either side of jealousy or suspicion. The occupation of the North American continent by a people of the English-speaking race under one general government, founded upon principles of English liberty, is the natural result of the present situation, and certainly it cannot be shown that any portion of that aggregate community or any individual in it would probably suffer from such a union. Canada is now and has always been a colony, but its natural development into independent nationality points to its equal participation in the American Union.

ACTORS *VERSUS* ACTORS.

THE actors in this country who are desirous of excluding foreign actors, as a kind of protection of their business, mistake the professed principle of protection. That principle is the exclusion of the foreign manufacture as a means of developing the domestic. But obviously no exclusion of foreign genius will develop domestic genius. Prohibition of all the *comica vis* of Europe will not result in producing it in America, for the reason that it is not a manufacture. Mr. GREELEY was said to hold that a prohibitive tariff upon tea would foster the tea culture in this country. But even had that been a sound view, not even Mr. GREELEY would have contended that to keep RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO in Europe would cause other RAPHAELS and ANGELOS to appear in America, or that to confine RACHEL to Paris would produce RACHEL in New York. Mr. JOHN HOEY is reported to have remarked, with entire good sense, that he goes to the theatre to be amused. If he is not amused he does not go. To prevent those who amuse from coming into the country is to keep Mr. HOEY and the great multitude of theatre-goers at home.

There is not, as seems to be assumed, a certain amount of money to be annually spent in theatre-going, from which fact it would follow that the smaller the number of players the larger would be the individual receipts. The amount of money spent depends upon the attraction, and the attraction cannot be increased by excluding it, nor can the exclusion of the foreign actor enable the domestic actor to fill his place. If our foreign contract laws had prohibited the entry of JENNY LIND or GERSTER or PATTI into the country, it would not have followed that some American singer would equally charm the public and receive the money which was paid to them. In all branches of art and literature the standard is advanced only by the freest competition. If the masterpieces of painting are allowed to come among us unrestricted by law, the taste for pictures, the enjoyment of them, and the demand for them are all stimulated, and as a consequence our own artists are encouraged, and this branch of art becomes one of the great and prosperous interests of the country. The aim of an intelligent nation is to have the best of everything, the best literature and art, and the best of every form of mechanical creation; the best government and political devices, the wisest and most comprehensive charities, the highest spiritual and intellectual and social well-being possible.

This is the aim of every true American for America. The actors, therefore, who propose to prevent the coming of other actors from abroad must show that such exclusion would tend to improve the theatre, to make it, as Mr. HOEY would say, more amusing, to secure a finer talent, a more commanding genius, or greater cleverness in the drama. It is, of course, mere jesting to say that only inferior actors are to be forbidden. There is no tribunal which is competent to determine the degrees of excellence except the public, and the condition, therefore, makes the classification impossible. How would the American theatre have prospered if the law from the beginning had closed its doors to foreign talent? Is not the history of the American stage largely that of English actors? It can hardly be argued that they have brought us to a point at which domestic talent can now supply all that is needed, because, as we have said, the supply does not depend upon such conditions. The movement of exclusion is as grotesque as the theory that the foreign contract law excluded clergymen. Our friends the actors have apparently forgotten that the air of America is freedom, and that we cannot improve art of any kind by refusing any lesson or aid from any part of the world.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S resolution in regard to a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama expresses probably the general feeling of the country upon the subject. It is in accord with the best interpretation of the MONROE doctrine, which is essentially a doctrine of prudence and peace. There is no opposition in this

country toward enterprises of improvement in our neighborhood conducted by private foreign enterprise and capital. But the planting of European governments in positions which, if not intentionally menacing, would easily become so, is something which should be avoided in the interests of a general good understanding. Pyrotechnical patriotism, which flashes and spirts in truculent defiance upon every occasion, may be well left to electioneering exigencies and the dredgers for a "foreign vote." Happily the day is past when every nation or government was held to be the natural enemy of every other. The millennium, indeed, has not fully dawned, but civilization and international good feeling, despite the exigencies already mentioned, have made some progress, and it is not the disposition of the United States to invite other nations to tread upon their skirts.

It is suggested that the Isthmus of Panama is beyond our jurisdiction, and that a canal would be an advantage for the whole world. Consequently, if any government in the world wishes to build a canal and pay for it, all other governments should rejoice in a common benefit obtained at the willing expense of a single state. The use of the canal in peace would be the subject of treaty, while in war, whatever government might have built it, the strongest government would control it. But in view of the fact in regard to the millennium which we have mentioned, and of our necessary relation to the canal as the shortest route between parts of our own territory, it is obvious that our interest in a canal is altogether different from that of other nations, and that we must not be placed under the necessity of treating with other governments for our free passage through it, and consequently that it is not a wise policy to permit another government to place us under that necessity. In the actual situation it is the government of the United States which should be in the chief position. This is the proposition of Senator EDMUNDS. It is a simple statement that the connection of any European government with the construction or control of any ship-canal across the isthmus would be regarded by our government with serious concern and disapproval.

This does not authorize a dog-in-the-manger policy upon our part. If there be a private disposition to construct such a canal, as in the case of LESSEPS, our government is a friendly spectator. But the building by a foreign government implies that the enterprise does not promise remuneration plainly enough to attract capital, and is therefore suspicious. The CLAYTON-BULWER treaty provided for the protection by the United States and Great Britain of any persons having the necessary local authority for constructing a canal, and both governments pledged themselves never to attempt to obtain exclusive control of it, and in the event of war between them the vessels of both powers should have free passage, and to such distance beyond the canal as might be stipulated. They agreed also to guarantee its neutrality and to keep it forever free, subject only to such regulations of traffic as did not unfairly favor one of the two governments. This convention Mr. SEWARD described as "the first universal fact in the history of the human race," meaning a public act done by two governments for the benefit of all nations. But this treaty never satisfied public sentiment, because of the divided authority, and the obvious fact that a treaty would be practically annulled by a declaration of war. Mr. EDMUNDS's resolution recognizes the settled feeling of the country, with which our government and other governments must deal.

MAYOR HEWITT.

MAYOR HEWITT has declined the cordial invitation signed by a great number of the most eminent citizens of New York, of every party, to a banquet in demonstration of their regard for the man and respect for the magistrate who has so fearlessly and ably discharged the duties of his office, and whose views of municipal policy are so comprehensive and wise. The Mayor feels himself to be fully rewarded in the recognition by such citizens of the fact that he has endeavored to do his duty without fear or favor, and suggests that it is becoming in a defeated candidate to be modest in his claims for public approbation.

The election of Mr. HEWITT brought to the Mayoralty an ability, a comprehensive public intelligence and experience, and a statesman-like grasp of affairs which had been fully proved in Congress, and which it was a great good fortune to secure to the management of municipal affairs. The impatient rectitude of his character, his plainness of speech, his independence and scorn of political control or interference, prevented his re-election. He is a partisan, and his official action has sometimes seemed impulsive and injudicious, but his Mayoralty will be always remembered as among the best in the annals of the city.

It is a reproach to the city that such an officer was defeated by mere party spirit and machinery. It is becoming more and more evident that good citizens of all parties must unite to save municipal administration from partisan pirates and spoilers. This has been long the conviction of the wisest observers, and never was a better opportunity offered for promoting the good cause than by the general support of Mr. HEWITT at the late election against the organization of spoilers known as Tammany Hall. His defeat was an event of which no intelligent New-Yorker, of whatever party, has reason to be proud. Mr. HEWITT retires with the sincerest regard and regret of all such New-Yorkers. While the freedom from the infinite annoyances of his recent official position will be doubtless agreeable to him, he will have the happy consciousness that he has admirably illustrated the tone and spirit of municipal administration which the citizens of New York will hereafter and more unitedly demand.

THE ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

THE statement that Governor GORDON, of Georgia, has recommended the Legislature of that State to restore the appropriation of $8000 to Atlanta University is entirely incorrect. On the contrary, the Governor stated that the money could not be legally given to the university, and recommended that it be appropriated in succession to several institutions supported wholly for and by the colored people. Mr. GLENN, the author of the well-known bill of 1887, has introduced a bill to devote the sum to the establishment of a State colored normal school.

Dr. BUMSTEAD, the president of Atlanta University, who makes this statement, adds that the announcement of the State grant seriously interferes with the efforts to raise money for the university. Upon this point he says:

"With no State aid and no endowment, with five hundred students in all grades of study and all kinds of industrial training, under twenty-six officers and teachers, whose salaries must be paid from donations, in four large brick buildings, to be kept constantly heated, lighted, repaired, and insured, the university must receive $18,000 from its friends to meet its expenses for the current year. And it must renew this appeal every year until an endowment of at least $250,000 can be secured. The work of the institution has been developed too far, and it has become too important a factor in the problem of Southern education, to admit of any curtailment. Nor do we believe that our friends at the North will allow so great a calamity to happen through any failure to respond to our present appeal with the same liberality that they have manifested in the past."

THE THOMAS CONCERTS.

THE announcement that the THOMAS orchestra will give a series of concerts at Chickering Hall, four in the evening and six matinées, during January, February, and March, is most welcome as the harbinger of the probable permanence of the orchestra. It will contain most of the members of last year, when the orchestra was in its prime, and the efficient interest and sympathy of friends of Mr. THOMAS and of good music promise the result which we have already pointed out as most desirable for the city. During the summer the orchestra will play in other cities.

The hope and the faith are that the public response to the enterprise will be such that the concerts will be self-sustaining, and that a fund will accumulate which will guarantee their permanence, and the subscriptions already authorize the belief that this will be accomplished. The concerts will aim to gratify the popular taste, while they offer the finest opportunity for the production of the newer music. In this double service Mr. THOMAS is an acknowledged master, and the prospect of the retention of his orchestra is like the knowledge that a noble gallery of pictures and sculptures will remain open to the public.

It is in cities alone that such galleries are gathered, and, as in Dresden, they make often their chief fame. Like Central Park and the Art Museum, the THOMAS concerts have been long part of the distinction of New York. Had they ceased, the city would have lost one of its charms, and its musical public spirit would have been discredited. The response to the announcement that they might be discontinued has illustrated the activity of that spirit, and in the pleasantest manner. It is not to the prejudice of any other musical entertainment that there is a peculiar feeling in regard to these concerts. For many years Mr. THOMAS has been the one public figure which represented the purest musical taste and the highest musical culture of the city, if not of the country. There cannot be the same feeling toward any other man, and as he is in the prime of his powers, his continued presence and activity are causes of general congratulation.

TEMPESTS AND TEAPOTS.

WHATEVER may be required by diplomatic etiquette, there is no doubt that public opinion in this country is profoundly indifferent to the question of Lord SACKVILLE's successor as English Minister. If Lord SALISBURY is angry, and will not send another Minister so long as Mr. CLEVELAND is President, his anger will not trouble us. If the practice under such circumstances is to recall our own Minister, the country would see him recalled with entire equanimity. But it will certainly not affect an interest which it does not feel, and it will laugh at the vehement assertion that it ought to be furious, or indignant, or whatever else may be the proper emotion.

Most of all, probably, it will laugh at the solemn reproach that it ought to feel insulted, and that its honor is concerned, and that, if it does not show a becoming spirit under this infliction, some more serious offence will be offered. Upon this last point there need be no concern. No power in the world is likely wantonly to offer the United States serious grounds for offence. As for national honor, the kind of talk which is made by some gentlemen upon this matter recalls the old days of the duel, when it was considered the mark of a "high-toned" gentleman to hold something that was called his honor at the mercy of every blackguard. It was a very sensible reply of a man who was not a duelist to one who was, "It is not in your power to touch my honor."

If official England does not wish to appoint a Minister to the United States, the United States may very properly withdraw their Minister in England, upon the ground that they do not wish to insist upon a degree of acquaintance which seems to be disagreeable. But the indifference to the subject in this country arises in large part from feeling that our own government was unnecessarily hasty in dismissing Lord SACKVILLE. His indiscretion properly made him a *persona non grata*, and therefore to be recalled. But he was dismissed before his own government had time to know the precise facts. Indeed our hasty action might be easily construed as an insinuation that we doubted the friendly disposition of that government, which was quite as wounding to British "honor" as Lord SALISBURY's leisurely choice of a successor is to ours. We did a disagreeable thing which we had a right to do, but we did it uncourteously, and it is that consciousness which largely explains the present indifference.

PERSONAL.

THE oldest Free-Soiler in the country, and one of the few remaining members of the antislavery band to which WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON belonged, Hon. SAMUEL E. SEWALL, has just passed away at Boston in his ninetieth year. He was counsel for several fugitive slaves who were arrested in Boston, helped obtain the famous decision in the DRED SCOTT case, and prepared the arguments and assisted at the trial of JOHN BROWN. Mr. SEWALL was the life-long friend of WHITTIER, who dedicated to him the prelude to "In War Time." Of late years Mr. SEWALL has distinguished himself by his persistent efforts to obtain legislation for the benefit of women in the Bay State. He was a member of the famous class of 1817 at Harvard.

—Among the gifts which WHITTIER invariably receives on his birthday is a barrel of pitch-pine kindlings from the WHITTIER colored school at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The kindlings were accompanied this year by two photographs—one of the two hundred children composing the school, and the other of the children in the act of voting their thanks to the poet.

—Lord COLERIDGE has been instrumental in raising a fund of $40,000 for the widow and daughters of MATTHEW ARNOLD.

—Among the residents of Baltimore is GEORGE ELLIOTT, probably the oldest aeronaut in the world. He began ballooning in 1834, and has made one hundred and twenty-seven ascents in all, in only one of which was he seriously injured. His thigh was broken on this occasion, putting a check to his aerial adventures for nineteen years. Mr. ELLIOTT retired in 1858, and has made only one ascent since then. He is eighty-four years old, and practises shoemaking, the trade he learned when a boy.

—It is said that Mr. GLADSTONE usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other when he finds that his mind is becoming too greatly absorbed. A prominent divine in this city carries out the same principle in his writing, and ordinarily has several pieces of literary work under way together, the dropping of one to take up another affording him, he claims, a relief from the mental tension which might otherwise result.

—Just after the war, and when the poet WHITTIER lived at Amesbury, Massachusetts, he received a heavy and queer-looking box from Lookout Mountain. His niece, a timid young woman, feared that the strange arrival might be an infernal machine from the rebels, and persuaded her uncle to have it buried in the garden, where it remained till the mail brought a letter saying that the box contained an inkstand quaintly modelled from Northern and Southern bullets, picked up on the famous Tennessee battle-field.

—Another intrepid war correspondent has lost his life in the line of duty. Mr. F. WAKE, representing the London *Graphic* at Suakin, exposed himself recently while making a sketch for his paper, and was fatally shot by an Arab.

—Mrs. KATE GANNETT WELLS, of Boston, an author of considerable note, and pleasantly known among literary and social circles at the Hub, has been appointed a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education.

—Hon. GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL.D., of Franklin, New Hampshire, who was chosen a Presidential Elector at the last election, was also a candidate for the position in 1840.

—Madame LAVRAFFSKY, a Russian lady, and a chess-player of remarkable ability, has used her skill in winning back the fortune which her father, once a wealthy land-owner in southern Russia, lost over the same game.

—SAMUEL MILLER, ninety-eight, and ANNA HAGAN, seventy-one years old, were recently married in Jeffersonville, Kentucky.

—HENRY W. TAYLOR, who was called the oldest living graduate of Yale College, has just died at Canandaigua, New York. He was a member of the class of 1816.

—The Duke of Edinburgh has won for himself the distinction of being perhaps the only man who ever despatched a ship on a journey to fetch a trunk. The occasion was the recent trip of the Duke and Duchess to Greece, and the trunk, which contained a part of the Duchess's wardrobe, was accidentally left at Malta. Instead of telegraphing to have the next steamer bring along the missing baggage, the Duke sent one of the vessels of the squadron after it.

—Ex-President WOOLSEY, of Yale, preserves wonderful vigor, although nearly ninety years old. Every week-day morning punctually at nine o'clock he makes a trip to the post-office at New Haven, an attendant following to see that he suffers no harm.

—An odd character who frequents the ponds and marshes of the Greenwood Lake region in the proper season is PHILIP ABER, of Vernon, New York, the turtle-hunter. He is over sixty years old, and for many seasons has made it his business to gather mud-turtles for customers in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. He ships about one hundred barrels of turtles a year to these cities, where in many instances probably they are served up by hotel and restaurant keepers as "terrapin."

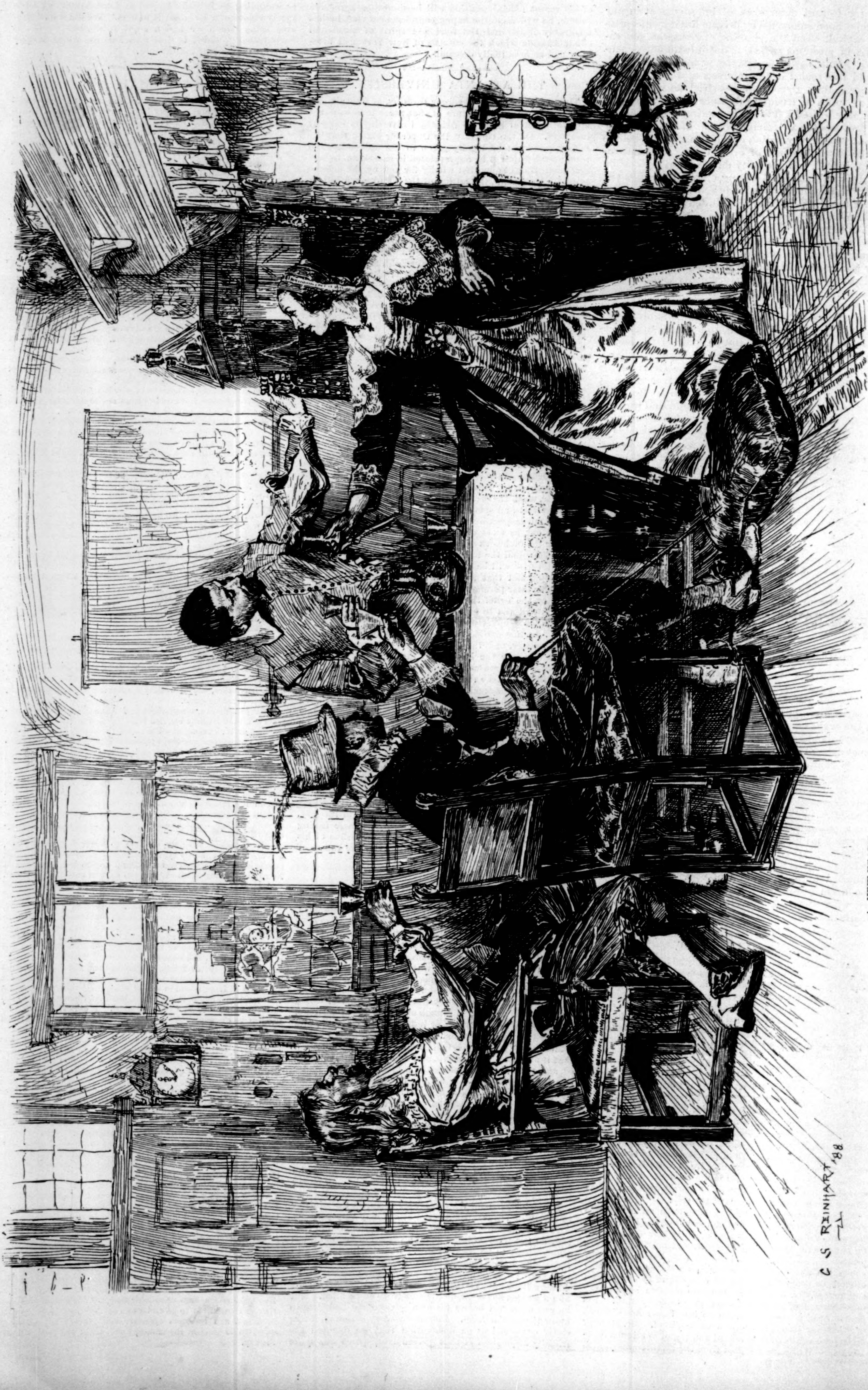
—Professor HENRY BEALS, a fellow of the Royal Society at London, who has spent some time in travelling over New England and parts of Long Island in search of erratic bowlders in general and "rocking stones" in particular, has found many queer specimens, but only one new rocking stone. This is at Noank, Connecticut, and weighs probably about twenty-five tons. It will rock about six inches, and can be readily moved by hand.

—JAMES DICKEY, a Fannin County (Georgia) farmer, has "struck ile." He has leased his farm for one hundred years to a marble-quarrying company, who agree to pay him not less than $1000 nor more than $5000 a month in royalties on the marble quarried.

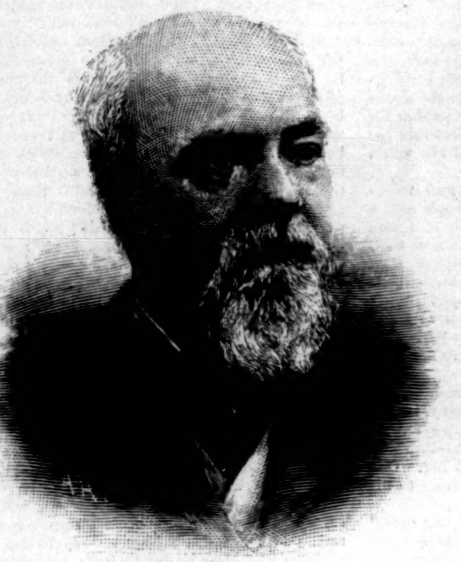
—ALFRED STIEGLITZ, of this city, was awarded the large silver medal at the International Exhibition of the Productions of Amateur Photographers, recently held in Vienna. Mr. STIEGLITZ is still a very young man, but he occupies a place in the first rank of the amateur photographers of both hemispheres.

—In a recent debate on what is known as the Senate tariff bill Senator VEST referred in terms of the highest praise to Mr. WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS's book, *The Capitals of Spanish America* (HARPER & BROTHERS). He said, among other things, "It is one of the most interesting books I have ever read. It developed to me a new world in South America of which I had never dreamed. His description of the Argentine Republic sounds like romance, but he gives facts and figures beyond any question."

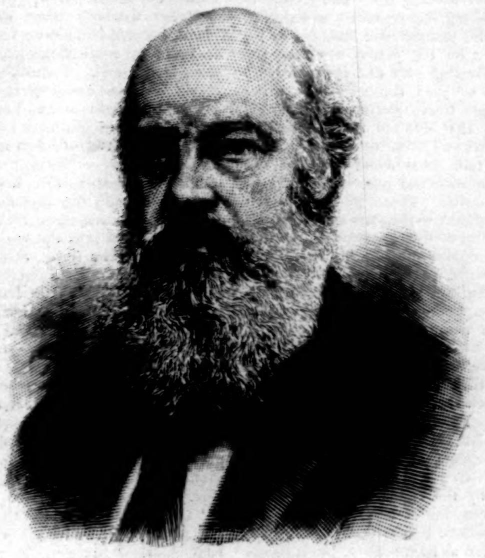
—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, is said to have entertained more famous people in his hospitable home than any other private citizen of America. Kings and princes and nobles without number have slept under his roof, not to mention Presidents and generals and endless number of men of letters and others. Mr. CHILDS entertains in royal fashion, and when he has distinguished guests at his country place he puts everything at their disposal. He makes no demands upon their time, but his time is theirs, and they are permitted to go and come as they please, to have their breakfast and luncheon whenever suits them best, but all are expected to meet at the dinner, which is the one formal meal of the day.



A NEW-YEAR'S CALL IN NEW YORK IN 1640.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 14.]



THE LATE JAMES N. MATTHEWS, OF THE "BUFFALO EXPRESS."—[SEE PAGE 7.]



THE LATE LAURENCE OLIPHANT.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

CHARLES F. MAYER, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO R.R. COMPANY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BENDANN.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

X.

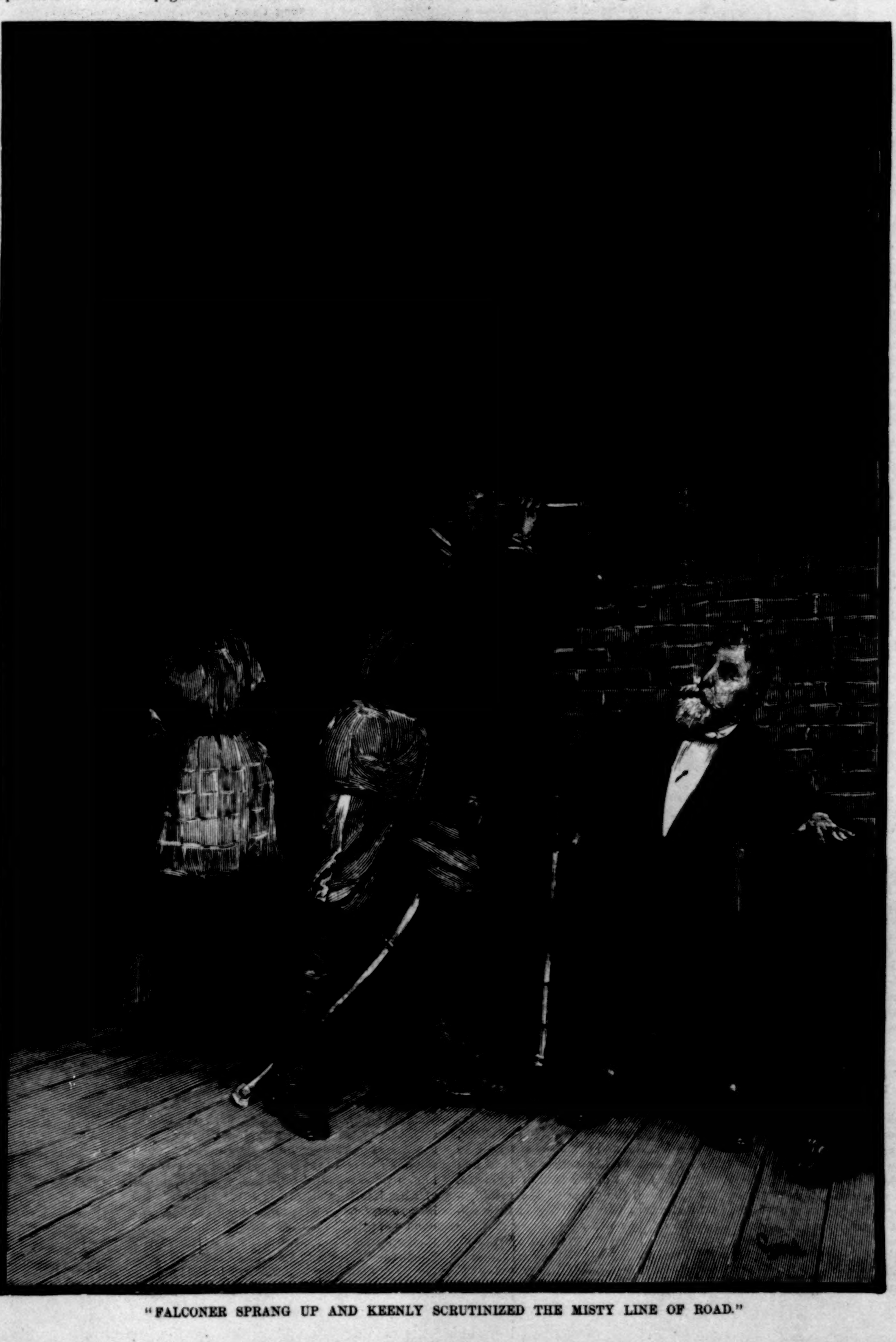
THE second day of Captain Falconer's much-regretted tour of guard duty had come, and for a man so profuse in expression of disgust at having been compelled to assume so repugnant a charge, it must be confessed that his sense of duty was commendable in the highest degree. Even while volubly damning the Fates that led to his being left behind when Stuart's cavalry were winning new laurels for themselves up in Maryland, the captain kept a vigilant eye on his sentries and on all the occupants of the house who appeared outside their rooms. He indulged Judge Armistead with another long dissertation this morning on the extraordinary freaks of fortune that had held him in the background on more than one stirring campaign, and he showed him the draft of a letter he had written begging to be relieved at once of his detail in command of the outpost at Hopewell Gap, whose principal task it was to hold as prisoners in their own house a man of such exalted and patriotic character as Judge Armistead, and a woman of such rare loveliness of mind and person as his noble and devoted daughter. As the fair copy of this eloquent appeal was not found among the archives of the War Department at Richmond some years later, it is possible that the original draft was all that was ever written, and that its purpose was to influence no superiors in military circles, but rather to create an impression in the minds of those who were virtually his prisoners. Falconer hoped that the Judge would tell it all to Lucy, and that its effect would be to bring her out from her room ready to greet him with tender and sympathetic smiles. But although the old gentleman begged him to come in and take breakfast with him, he in the same breath remarked that Lucy would have to be excused, she was feeling far from well; and noonday came and not a word did he have with her.

One thing had occurred during the night that caused him not a little speculation and anxiety. Old Nelse had been cautioned to sleep in the house, and when Falconer went the rounds at nine in the evening he saw the veteran hostler's gray woolly pate bending over a dim light at the kitchen table. "Aunt Bell," the cook, was making some little dish with which she hoped, she said, to tempt Miss Lucy to eat. It occurred to Falconer as he glanced in at the open door, and met her smiling and good-natured greeting, that there was a rousing big fire in the stove, and rather a lavish outlay of various provender on the table. He was suspicious of everything he saw and heard, but feared to jeopard his own hopes and prospects by interference of any kind with the internal affairs of the household. After all, it might only be the customary exhibit of negro prodigality and improvidence. It was early in the war, and the lessons of economy and the scores of domestic makeshifts that were learned throughout the Sunny South by the spring of '65 had not yet begun to vex the spirits of "Aunt Bell" and her few satellites. Warning the servants on no account to attempt to cross the sentry-posts that night, as his men would be sure to mistake them for spies or prowling Yankees, and shoot, Falconer resumed his rounds among the guards, and gave strict injunctions to the four men posted about the house to permit no one to go in or out; then he visited his little picket-stations out on the roads, and came back to the piazza and his soldier slumber pretty well satisfied.

And yet the first thing he saw in the morning, just after daybreak, was old Nelse, hobbling in through the orchard with a basket on his arm. The basket was half full of eggs and apples, and Nelse's old face was "chuck-full," as he would have expressed it, of mingled innocence and concern as he listened to the captain's stern interrogations. Bless his heart, said Nelse, *he* hadn't "done nuffin," just been out to get some eggs. How did he get out? Why, "jes walked" out. Oh yes. He done cross the sentry's post, but the gentleman was busy, and he "didn't like to disturb him."

This made Falconer boil with wrath. Nelse said he walked out at dawn 'cause he wanted to find where the hens were hiding their eggs: it was raining, and the sentry was trying to fix a bit of rubber blanket in the low branches of an old pear-tree as he went out. The sentry declared he hadn't had his eyes off the kitchen doors and windows, and that Nelse couldn't have crossed the post when he said he did. The captain was at his wits' end to solve the problem. Down in the bottom of his suspicious soul he believed that Nelse had been out most of the night—had gone somewhere with provisions, and that in all probability the Yankee officer was hidden away in the near neighborhood. If he could *only* catch him! He determined, after long thought, to give Nelse another chance; to warn his men to be more alert than before, but to feign the contrary. He planned to *let* Nelse out, but to follow him with one or two of his best troopers. It might be done that very night, and meantime, could he not see her and determine for himself whether she had been interested in the care and concealment of the mysterious Yankee?—whether, indeed, she were not interested in the Yankee himself?

But several hours before darkness settled down upon the range Captain Falconer found himself and his command relieved from their much-anathematized duty, and in a manner not at all expected, at least as a result of his "application" exhibited that morning to Judge Armistead. The news of Lee's ill success and his retreat from Sharpsburg to the Shenandoah had put a damper on the high spirits of



"FALCONER SPRANG UP AND KEENLY SCRUTINIZED THE MISTY LINE OF ROAD."

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

many a Virginian household, and the Armisteads at Hopewell were as deeply disappointed as any. In sympathy with the situation, a drizzling rain had been falling since very early in the morning, and a mist hung over the valley before their eyes, veiling the distant roads and fords. The Judge with his spy-glass, now of little use, and the captain with a map of Virginia on his knee, were seated on the piazza discussing the probable outcome of the present campaign. Moist and soaking, the fields rolled away down the slopes before them; wet and dripping, the little patches of woodland looked black and gloomy through the mists. The road from Hopewell straight across country to Sudley Springs showed like a dun-red furrow here and there between the fields until shrouded by the low-hanging clouds, and nowhere along this cheerless landscape, outside the hedge within which the detachment was encamped, was a living object in sight. Nevertheless, old Hector, the Newfoundland, lifted his head at times, pricked up his ears, and gazed attentively eastward. About two o'clock he sprang up from the mat near his master's chair, waddled down the steps, and trotted briskly out to the road in front. Almost at the same moment Hannah came fluttering down from the second story, hesitated a moment at sight of Falconer, then, never interrupting the talk of the two gentlemen, she sought to carry away the spy-glass without attracting her master's attention; but the captain checked her.

"Don't take it away, Hannah; we may want to use it," he said.

"Miss Lucy asked for it just a minute," stammered the girl. "She wants to see something."

Falconer sprang up and keenly scrutinized the misty line of road stretching away across the lowlands. Something in the girl's eager face made him suspicious of coming danger. Something in his manner as he suddenly took the glass and adjusted it attracted the immediate attention of the Judge. There was an unmistakable quiver and tremulousness about the captain's hand; there was a paler shade about his cheeks. It made him think, all in an instant, of little hints that had been let drop from time to time, of certain impressions he had received—vague, shadowy, and intangible as—as those mist-veiled objects flitting like ghosts along the edge of the forest yonder, yet as positively pictured in his brain. It reminded him of a reluctant expression once drawn from the lips of his son, a man who never condemned without good and sufficient reason. "There is wide difference between the soldierly qualities of the two Falconers. Wayne, the elder, is born to rise to high command, or fall in the attempt." But this was not Wayne. He had gone down before the fire of the Western brigade on the night of Gainesville, and was now languishing in a Northern prison. This was Scott, the younger, and what he saw through that glass was not a pleasant sight. Those pallid, ghostly, dripping figures were dragoons in long overcoats or rubber ponchos, and coming this way—the advance guard, beyond question, of heavier forces in their rear.

"To horse, men! To horse!" he shouted. "Sound, there, bugler, and be quick about it!" Then down the steps he ran and around to the rear of the house, where his own horse and orderly were sheltered at the barn.

Quick, from under the piazza, from the shelter of the little fruit trees, from a dozen nooks and corners, the gray-jacketed Rangers leaped into view; belts, carbine slings, spurs, gauntlets, were hurriedly donned, bridles and saddles were whipped from the low limbs of the shade-trees, or dragged from under the bushes, and, all bustle, excitement, energy, and spirit, the little detachment rushed for its horses, and presently man after man came trotting out to the roadway in front, and the ranks were rapidly formed by their young sergeant. All athrill with martial enthusiasm by this time, the Judge was standing on the piazza shouting encouragement and applause. Lucy, breathless with kindred emotion, had hastened down and was clinging to his side. The captain came riding around from the barn, and at sight of her straightened gallantly up in his saddle, and gave her a soldier's salute with his gauntlet; then, as though sudden impulse possessed him, reined about and rode to the foot of the steps.

"It is an advance in force, I doubt not, Miss Lucy, and there are fifty times our number in our front, but the Warrenton Rangers will glory in showing you their mettle. Some one has betrayed to them the presence of my little outpost here, and they hope to cut us off. We'll cut our way through."

"Well, but, captain," suggested the Judge, "there don't seem to be many of them as yet. You can easily slip back here through the Gap, and get around to your comrades in that way. Why do you think there are so many?"

"They would not venture this far except in strong force. No doubt, if we could only see, the whole country in front of Thoro'fare is filled with them. If it is so, then we may have to fall back through Hopewell; but my Rangers never yet went back except before overwhelming odds. Ready?" he asked, as the lieutenant rode up with soldierly salute.

"All ready, captain."

"Very well. You take your platoon from the right and trot out and check those fellows till we see what they're made of."

All eagerness and spirit, the young soldier obeyed. He was a Virginia boy, brave as they make them, and it was his first chance; his cheek flushed, his eye kindled as he glanced up one moment at Miss Armistead's glowing face. Her beauty seemed to inspire him with double rage for battle. Never heeding or listening to the captain's promise to "support him," he struck spurs to his charger, wheeled short about, and clattered out to the impatient troop. Another moment he and the platoon had disappeared among the trees down the road to the right.

The rain seemed holding up. The clouds to the west were breaking, and presently, as Falconer bowed low over the pommel and rode out to his men, the watchers on the piazza saw that the sunbeams were bursting here and there in brilliant little shafts of gold through the drifting veil. One of these broad shafts of glistening color fell full on that dun-red furrow crossing the valley eastward, and then the shadowy, spectral horsemen a mile away stood forth in bold relief. Ay! there were the pale blue capes of the cavalry overcoats. There in their midst fluttered the little guidon—the stars and stripes in miniature. In front of them, well out across the fields, rode wary troopers peering into the bridle-paths and wood roads, watchful against surprise. Behind them, several hundred yards, covering the road until it disappeared among the distant woods, marched a compact column of cavalry. No man could say how many more there were. Those in sight were enough to swallow alive, the soldiers said, the little detachment sent down to challenge and check them.

Too late now! Young Virginia has received his orders, disappeared, and though Falconer has time to send a sergeant at the gallop to recall the youngster, and though he himself promptly moves his troop by the right flank, he gets no farther than the crossing of the Hopewell road. The Armisteads believe he has gone to the support of his subaltern as he promised, but it seems not.

All of a sudden, down at the front they see commotion among those leading and widely dispersed troopers. Then that they are opening fire; then whirling about and scurrying for protection. Then the next thing that comes into view is a dark line, a little party of horsemen following a single leader, and, all unsupported, all undaunted by the odds against them, down the road they go in headlong charge. Twenty Virginians dashing recklessly into the teeth of an advancing regiment. There is one moment of wild yells, of sputtering hoofs, of stirring trumpet calls; the horsemen are all intermingled in a surging mass in the muddy road, and then the whole Federal column seems to take the trot and sweep resistlessly forward. Four or five dingy gray jackets and plumed felt hats come riding lamely back, pursued by a score of sabres or popping revolvers, and the young Virginian has carried out, according to the best of his inexperienced ideas on the subject, the captain's orders to "check those fellows"—but he may look in vain for the promised supports. Falconer has seen enough of the fight to warrant him in a rapid trot through Hopewell Pass, and the household at the homestead has no longer a jailer.

A riderless horse comes galloping up the road and into the gate. No one knows to whom he belongs, but old Nelse is on hand and speedily leads him around to the barn.

XI.

For nearly two hours that afternoon there was clamor and scurry down the range. Several squadrons of Union cavalry, at rapid trot, swept through the mountain road below the homestead, their trumpets echoing their liveliest peals among the rocky heights, but the main body seemed to concentrate on Thoro'fare, where vehement defense was made, and where charge after charge was necessary before the Gap was carried. The sun had come out warm and clear, and, unable to restrain his desire to see all that could be seen, and anxious to learn the fate of the little platoon of Virginians who had so daringly challenged the advancing host, the Judge took his cane and trudged sturdily forth, announcing his intention of going down to the field below the heights, where some burial parties could be seen at work. It was almost sunset when the sound of distant firing and cheers and trumpet calls at last died away in the south; the clouds lifted from the valley, and the roofs and walls of far-away villages and hamlets gleamed in the radiance of the declining orb, or blushed in the glow of the reddening skies. Lucy Armistead leaned against the old white balustrade, looking out once more upon the gorgeous panorama of the broad valley, lovelier than ever after its long immersion in the rain-clouds. All seemed still and peaceful again except the sight of those pygmy parties digging shallow little trenches down there in the fields. Nearly two hours had her father been gone, and she was beginning to feel strangely nervous and ill at ease. She had sent for Nelse, but Nelse had disappeared; so had the horse; and something told her that he had gone to their late guest and patient—that if possible he would bring him back. All day long her heart had been filled with wretched anxiety. Nelse had, indeed, succeeded during the night in running the blockade and carrying food and blankets to the fugitive, but he brought back word that he seemed "porely," and had evidently suffered severely. For nearly a month he had been her helpless and dependent charge. To her nursing and care and ceaseless attention he owed perhaps his life itself—he had not hesitated to say so; he had done more—he had striven to assure her that everything life might bring to him—fortune, fame, honor—all the depth and devotion of his love he would lay at her feet; but she had almost rudely checked—she would not listen to him.

And now his friends and comrades were here in force, and soon must come to claim their own. No longer was he hers to do with as she chose. Henry's once intimate and confidential friend, he had been intrusted to her care when life and liberty were the forfeit of her lack of vigilance. Whatever had been the cause of the estrangement that had arisen between them in their college days, the brother had assured her that the feud was ignored when they met at Richmond, and now, at the possible cost of his commission in the service, he had snatched the wounded soldier from the jaws of captivity and hidden him under the refuge of his father's roof. There, well her woman's heart assured her, Henry's friend became her lover; he who sought the defeat and downfall of her people would have won her for his wife. Tremblingly, in one brief interview before he was spirited away in the blackness of the night, he had begged her pardon for the kisses he rained upon her hand, but told her it was love that drove him mad—and she would hear no more.

Twilight came; then hoof-beats and voices down the road; the jingle of scabbards and a trumpet call. Another little column of Union cavalry turned into the winding Pass and went clattering up the Gap. Silence again, and then a halting, feeble footfall in the darkening hallway behind her. Her little hands clasped tightly round the railing; her heart seemed to stand still one instant, then to beat tumultuously. She knew it must be Kearny—returned to her once more.

Slowly, painfully he reached the threshold, and stood there leaning against the doorway, irresolute, gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes. At first she could not—at last she *had* to—turn and greet him, for his silence frightened her. One glance at his face and she almost sprang to his side.

"Oh, how you must have suffered! Sit here," she said, rapidly drawing toward him the Judge's easy-chair. "No. Sit down!" she insisted, as he held back and tried to speak. With her own hand she half guided, half supported him until, obeying her, he sank exhausted into the seat. Then she hastened to her father's study, and presently reappeared with a goblet in her hand. "Drink," she said, and held it to his lips until he had drained the last drop.

"Is that my stirrup-cup?" at last he questioned, smiling faintly.

"Your friends are here, or all around here, as you doubtless know, but you are in no condition to travel. Father will insist that you remain until you are."

"My regiment is among those fellows, somewhere; and even were they not here I could no longer stay. Even were I able to send word at once to those who are doubtless mourning me at home, I would not spend another night under this roof, even though in going I offended so courteous a gentleman as your father. You alone have power to bid me go or stay, and you have shown me all too plainly that my presence here is most distressing to you."

She was standing there before him, a light mantle wrapped about her shoulders. She was looking far away. She could not trust herself to gaze down into the pleading eyes uplifted to her face. His faltering accents, the piteous weakness of his voice, were almost more than she could bear.

"I do not want you to go until you are well," at last she murmured.

"Ah! That is where it hurts," he broke forth, impulsively. "*That* is woman's compassion—pity—for mere physical suffering. *You* would have me stay until strength was restored to muscle and limb. I would have you bid me stay forever, or at least until you would go with me to the world's end. I—I have learned here to love you with every fibre of my being, to live only in the touch of your sweet hand, the smile of your exquisite face. No! no! I *will* speak, Lucy. You shall not turn from me now. Oh, for God's sake do not go, or you will break my heart," he pleaded as she would have rushed past him into the house. He seized her dress with one feeble, clutching hand, and drew its folds toward him until both could clasp it. "Nay. I'm going this night. 'Tis no disgrace, dishonor, to *any* woman, North or South, to be loved as I love you, and with me 'tis life or death. I tell you my whole heart; my very soul is filled with one infinite longing, one passionate love for you who have nursed me back to life. Oh, my darling! my beautiful! was it only to toss it aside in contempt that you aroused it all? Lucy! Lucy! Can nothing plead for me? Can nothing bring me the *right* to stay? Speak to me. I'm not the man to shrink from Fate. I *will* know why it is you spurn and shrink from me. Do you hate all Northern men so bitterly that I must be only alien, enemy, and stranger from this time forth? Tell me." And now he had seized her hand, but this she would not brook, and wrenched it almost violently away.

"I never gave you grounds for such a feeling toward me," she faltered. "I strove to make you see—to make you understand it was all impossible."

"But why—why? I know all this. Heaven knows it is needless to remind me of the way you avoided and shrank from me from the first moment I was mad enough to betray myself! That does not satisfy—that does not explain. My race is as proud and as prominent as your own. Your brother held no friendship equal to mine; we were closest friends—devoted friends until a silly, boyish quarrel parted us for a time. I *am* a Northerner, and true to my flag and the Union. You are Virginian, and hold us as enemies. But this war cannot last forever. We are one people. Time and again did not our forefathers fight in civil feud, sometimes on opposite, sometimes on the same side, only to be the stronger and better friends till now? Will not this quarrel end as all such dissensions have ever ended? We were together when the Red and White Roses battled for the crown. We fought each other hard when the Stuarts strove against the House of Hanover. You were Roundheads when we were Cavaliers; you were with Washington when many of mine still wore the scarlet of King George, though our name had hated the house from which he sprung. Civil war has come upon us again. We battle for the Union, you for its disruption; but no nation will let such strife go on forever. Lucy! Lucy! I cannot stay, and day by day fall deeper and deeper in the toils of a hopeless love. God knows if I go this night, my heart bides here. Think, think, sweet one; have you no word of hope for me—not one?"

Still she stood there, her bosom heaving now, her head averted, drooping; her eyes—though he saw them not—brimming with tears. His pleading would have moved a stony heart if it lay but in a woman's breast, and hers was young and pure and tender, and longing to love and to be loved. She strove to speak, but words would not come just then. There rose up before her the memory of that last talk with Henry; of something he once had half confided before that time, and so long as her brother's words could live in her heart, no other answer would she give the man whose very life seemed hanging on her words.

She started suddenly from his side. There was a rustle in the shrubbery close at hand; a smothered exclamation as though a man had stumbled, then muffled footfalls, then silence.

"Some one was there—listening!" she exclaimed, startled and trembling. "I'm sure I saw a figure go skulking off toward the orchard—through there," she pointed.

Kearny had risen painfully, and now once again stood close at her side.

"No one who can do you harm," he said. "As for me, I am past harming if you will not answer me. Lucy, you are no vain coquette, toying with a man's strong love to feed a woman's vanity. Day by day I have had no thought, no study but you, and I would stake my soul on your truth."

"It is because—because you've had no other study that you think as you do," she quickly spoke, the woman in her seizing at the chance. "When once again you are among your own, 'twill not be so."

"Among my own!" he echoed, indignantly. "Among my own! You are no true woman if you do not well realize this day that on all this earth there lives but one I crave to call my own. You shall not trifle with me, Lucy. I must have my answer now, though it send me from you in desolation. You do not love me—that I know; but is there reason, good reason, why I should never win you? *Look* at me! Oh, my darling! though I read my death-warrant in your eyes, I *will* see them once more," and with his trembling hands he turned and lifted her sweet pale face until it was close to his—so haggard, so roughly bearded now, yet so eloquent and glorified with the strength and fervor of a man's love.

"Now tell me. Is there reason?"

"Do you not know it—yourself?" she answered at last, and her tear-dimmed eyes gazed full into his.

He started as though stung.

"Oh, my God! I was told—I was sure—Lucy! do you mean there is another?"

She trembled now from head to foot. His shaking hands dropped helplessly. He waited, breathless, for her answer, and at last it came:

"You know—you *ought* to know—there is another." And then she turned and fled.

He leaned against the balcony for support. All his strength, such as it was, had left him now. All his manhood, pride, vehemence, will, and passion seemed crushed and broken. He bowed his head upon his arm, trying to think, trying to understand, while all seemed reeling about him. What was it Hannah had told him? Certainly there were men who sought her hand; certainly she had admirers, but not one for whom she cared a straw. He had not sought to pry into her secrets, but after she withdrew herself from his society, Hannah had chattered ceaselessly, and he could not but listen. And yet—after all—after all, with her own lips she had told him he ought to know—it was his right to know—there was another who stood between him and the hope of his life. What were wounds, suffering, delirium, death—to this?

Then there came a moment or two in which he heard nothing—saw nothing. He was very weak, and the privation and exposure of the last forty-eight hours had done their work, only to be supplemented by a blow like this. Did he fall? He could not tell. He was dazed, confused, wandering. Was it all a dream? Here he lay once more in the big arm-chair, a soft hand bathing his forehead; that same sweet, exquisite face with a world of anxiety and tenderness in the violet eyes gazing into his as he wearily opened his own; old Nelse standing by his side, pouring forth voluble expression of sympathy. *Was* it possible that for one instant before consciousness fully returned he felt the pressure of warm, soft lips upon his forehead? It was all so vague, so dreamy. Looking up, he saw once more the face he loved. But 'twas all true. She must have meant what she said. There was the very look in her eyes, the very expression that hovered about her mouth.

"Go back now, Nelse," he heard her say, "and find your master. It is time he had returned."

Then came trampling hoofs, clattering sabres, jingling spurs. Half a score of horsemen rode into the enclosure. Three dismounted and rapidly ascended the steps, two in the uniform of officers of the Union cavalry halted short as though stunned at sight of the recumbent figure before them and the slight, girlish form at its side; the third, in civilian dress, kept a little in the background. It was this last one who was first to speak.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied? Did I tell the truth?"

"*Kearny!*" exclaimed the foremost officer. "My God! *Is* this you?" Then he turned. "There is no alternative, major?"

"None, sir. Carry out your orders."

"Lieutenant Kearny, you will prepare to return with us at once—a prisoner in close arrest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE SERGEANT SHOT THE BEAR.

We had not tarried long after supper that evening by the smoky fire in front of the commanding officer's tent, for a damp cold wind was blowing, and the ground was wet and soft from the rain that had been falling all through the day's march, and we were glad to seek the shelter of our canvas houses soon after "retreat." Rain began to fall again too; we could hear it pattering against the walls of our tent and hissing on the hot chimney-pipe of our "Sibley" stove, in which a wood fire was crackling and blazing away merrily. How it did rain, too!—only as it can rain away out there in the Northwestern wilderness, rattling like volleys of bird-shot as the gusty winds swept it over the plain from the gullies in the foot-hills. Peeping out through the flaps of the tent for a moment, we peered into the gloom over beyond the lines of dripping horses, tethered between the wagons, to the quarters of the men, rising cone-shaped masses of yellow light, bright in contrast with the blackness beyond, the shadows of the inmates moving, ghost-like, against their luminous sides. Above the rush of the rain and the soughing of the wind we could hear the restless pawing of the horses, and the steady plashing tramp of the sentries as they paced their beats in the wet grass, mingled with the subdued murmur of the men's voices and the roar of the little stream by which our camp was pitched. As we drew in our heads again and closed up tightly our canvas doorway, "taps" was being sounded—the bugle notes not rising and falling sweetly and plaintively as on the still calm air of a summer's evening, but wildly crying out, swept and torn by the rushing winds.

Most uncomfortably wet and cold as it was outside, we were snug and warm enough, the Captain and I, as, stretched out at full length on our couches of furs and blankets, we smoked our pipes and chatted together by the dim light of the lantern swinging from the tent pole.

"A good warm nest for a night like this, and what a splendid fur this is!" I remarked, running my fingers through the long glossy hair of the great bear-skin on which I was lying, and which, with two buffalo-robes spread on a tent fly on the ground underneath it, and several heavy woollen army blankets for a covering, formed as comfortable a bed as one could well wish for.

"And a devilish good shot that brought that fellow down," said the Captain, lazily turning his eyes toward me and sucking at his pipe. "The bear that wore that coat was killed by Sergeant Waltman—you know him, that tall blond chap that rides the big white-faced bay—a dooced good soldier Waltman is, too, and the best hunter in the whole outfit. He can find game when nobody else can; hunting seems to come natural to him, just like eating. No, I don't believe Waltman ever drinks anything—maybe a glass of beer now and then—but I never knew of his touching spirits; he's always got a pipe in his mouth, though, every chance he gets, and hunts whenever he can get a pass. Those hounds that were ranging ahead of the column this morning belong to him, and they're the keenest dogs after bear I ever saw in my life. Yes, there used to be lots of bear around this country some three or four years ago, and there are plenty of them yet, higher up in the mountains. Why, they killed a big fellow—weighed about six hundred pounds, so they told me—right in the post at Ellis. He was rummaging about the place where the men threw the leavings and that sort of stuff from the kitchens, and having a glorious time of it, when the sentry or some soldier or other heard the row he was making and gave the alarm. It was the last dinner that bear ever ate. How did I come to get the skin you are lying on? Why, as I told you, Sergeant Waltman killed that fellow, and had the good taste to make me a present of him. You see, the Sergeant and I have always been the best of friends. He's serving his fourth enlistment with me now; came to the regiment as a recruit about the same time I joined from the 'Point,' and we've been together ever since. He's always doing me some good turn or another. Once when I was a young 'sub' and Waltman was a corporal, I think, my troop was off on a scout. We were out for four months without even seeing a house, and when finally we turned our faces toward the post again you can imagine that we were a pretty hard-looking crowd. Everything in the way of clothing was patched and pieced with canvas or buckskin; hats were simply shapeless pieces of felt, the brims ragged and worn, and as to color—indescribable. I was a dandy in those days, and had started off in a Hatfield blouse and immaculate breeches and boots. When the C. O. sent me ahead with three or four men—Waltman was one of them—to announce the return of the command and arrange for some business connected with it—I've forgotten exactly what—my blouse was a regular harlequin's jacket, and my beautiful 'cords' so patched with pieces of blanket and leather as to have lost all resemblance to the natty garment that I had marched out with. I tell you it did us good one evening to ride up to the hospitably opened door of a ranch a day's ride from the post; and for the first time in months we had something really good to eat, and slept under shelter. You're always more or less restless, you know, first time you sleep in a house after being in the field for some time, and I woke up toward morning to find a light in my room, and Mr. Waltman sitting on the floor sewing away at my blouse. The faithful fellow had taken what was left of the blue of his own coat, and was patching up mine with it, so that, as he expressed it, 'The Lootenant needn't feel awkward about facing the ladies when he rides into the post to-morrow.' It was only a simple thing to do, perhaps, but I was touched at the man's friendliness and his pride in his officer. We've been together in many a hard march, and plenty of fighting, including the '76 campaign, when we ate the Sergeant's horse; and you get kind of attached to a fellow like that. That's so! I haven't told you how he killed that particular bear. I'm getting garrulous—must be growing old. Well, the way of it was this: We were lying in camp about forty miles west of this, right at the beginning of the foot-hills. That was—let me see—in the fall of '81 or '82. There wasn't much to do except to scout around on the lookout for bands of Indians on horse-stealing raids into one another's reservations, when one day the mail-carrier came in, minus horse, mail, and arms, and almost without clothing, and reported that he had been held up and robbed by a party of a dozen or so of tramps, of which the country near the railroad, then being laid, was full. I sent off my 'sub' with a detachment to hunt the thieves down, and Waltman was in the detail. They had a long and hard ride, but lost the trail of the robbers, owing to a heavy rain, and gave up the pursuit and started back for camp. They had penetrated pretty far into the hills, but Waltman knew the country pretty well, and acted as guide to conduct the party back by a short-cut. They were within three or four miles of camp, and passing through a cañon, leading the horses, for the trail was very steep and exceedingly slippery. Waltman was leading to show the way, the lieutenant came immediately behind him, and the men were strung out in the rear, making their way through the narrow gorge as best they could. That cañon isn't a very long one, but it is very narrow, and the trail runs along a ledge on one side from which the rock rises perpendicularly for a couple of hundred feet. Hardly a break marks the surface of the cliff for a mile or so. Well, as I was saying, the Sergeant was leading, and happening to cast his eyes upward, there sheer above him, looking down over the precipice, and balancing itself on the very edge, he saw the head and part of the body of a bear. It took him a moment or two to realize what the object really was, for at that distance, and directly above him, just a dark mass against the sky, it might easily have been mistaken for part of the rock, but unfortunately for his security, Mr. Bear was wagging his head from side to side, and it was probably this slight motion that first attracted the Sergeant's attention. To stop, hold up one hand in warning, and yank his carbine from the boot was the work of an instant. 'May I shoot, sir?' to the lieutenant. 'Yes, if you think you can hit him!' The Sergeant raised his piece almost perpendicularly—for the bear was nearly directly over him—glanced along the sights, and fired. Well, if those horses didn't stand right up on end and plunge about in terror—it's a wonder none of 'em slipped off the ledge into the stream below—when that bear came tumbling right down the face of the cliff, and struck on the trail just in front of the Sergeant's horse, stone-dead! for Waltman's bullet had hit him right back of and under the lower jaw, and had torn right up into the brute's brain. He proved to be a splendid silver-tip; pity the fur hadn't attained full winter growth yet, but it was pretty late in the fall and the hair was fairly long and thick. Now I call that a remarkably good shot, don't you? Yes, he was a 'calker,' that bear. We had no means of weighing him, but he would have scaled close on to eight hundred pounds, I think. The men took a couple of the mules when they got back to camp—it wasn't very far off, you know—and rigged up some sort of contrivance to bring the big beast in. The Sergeant had him taken directly to my tent and gave him to me, 'proud as a goat with a scarlet coat.'"

The Captain knocked the ashes out of his pipe, yawned, and stretched himself. "By Jove! I've yarned you almost to sleep, you can hardly keep your eyes open. Douse the glim, my boy, it's nearest to you. Taps have gone long ago, and the 'Old Man' is the devil and all for an early start in the morning. Good-night, and don't dream about bears." Saying which, my worthy host buried himself deep in his blankets, and we were both soon enjoying the deep and refreshing sleep born of a hard day's march.

Rufus F. Zogbaum.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE B. AND O. RAILROAD.

Mr. Charles F. Mayer, who succeeds Mr. Samuel Spencer as President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been aptly described as the busiest man in Baltimore. He is full of nervous energy, and he brings into his work an untiring perseverance. In personal appearance he is about five feet eleven inches tall, of a large frame, though thin, with prominent features and sharp eyes. He is about fifty-six years old. He comes of an old Baltimore family of German and Dutch extraction. The first of the family to arrive in this country was Christian Mayer, who settled in Baltimore shortly after the Revolutionary war. The Mayers have always been prominent in Maryland affairs, either as lawyers or literary men or merchants. They have all been connected with large enterprises. Lewis Mayer, the father of the subject of this sketch, was a noted lawyer, and one of the first men to develop the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. It was while his parents were temporarily residing in Pennsylvania that Charles F. Mayer was born. He received a solid education, and became a clerk in the office of his uncle, Frederick Koenig, who was at that time a leading merchant in Baltimore. He attended largely to the foreign trade of the house, and visited South America, returning, after two years, to become the head of the firm. In 1865, in company with Baltimore capitalists, he organized the Despard Coal Company, with mines at Clarksburg, West Virginia. His success in the management of this concern led to his election as President of the Consolidation Coal Company, a large corporation which owns over twenty thousand acres of coal lands in the George's Creek region of Maryland. It has a capital of over $10,000,000, and it mines upward of 1,000,000 tons of coal a year, being the largest producer of bituminous coal in this country. Connected with this corporation is the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Mr. Mayer is President. In his management of these properties Mr. Mayer's conspicuous ability achieved the most gratifying results. He is one of the rich men of Baltimore. He is connected with various corporations in Maryland in the capacity of director or president, and he is President of the Susquehanna and Tide-water Canal companies through the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, a part of the Reading system. His brother-in-law is Mr. George De B. Keim, ex-President of the Philadelphia and Reading road, President of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and also a director in the Baltimore and Ohio Company, which gets its New York connections through the Philadelphia and Reading. Mr. Mayer is a co-executor and trustee of the estate of the late T. Harrison Garrett.

The recent change in the Baltimore and Ohio presidency was the work of the Garrett interests combined with other large stockholders. Nearly all of the stock of the road is held in Baltimore, and a very large part of it is owned by the Garretts and some half-dozen others, whose desire, as executed by William F. Frick, Esq., Mr. Robert Garrett's father-in-law, was to place the executive direction of the property in the hands of a man more thoroughly identified with Baltimore interests. Mr. Mayer accepted the position only after considerable pressure. There is every confidence in his ability to manage the road and build up its finances from the misfortunes which overtook the company in 1887. He will have control of over sixteen hundred miles of road and of the expenditure of about $80,000 a day. The salary of the place is $25,000.

Mr. Mayer lives handsomely but quietly in Baltimore. His time is almost entirely given up to business, and he is as well known in a business way in New York and Philadelphia as he is in Baltimore. He is considered the best-posted man in the soft-coal trade in this country. He is a great organizer and a very shrewd financier.

ROSELAND.

A land of purpling dawns and twilight dews,
  Of radiant sunrise and of midnight gloom;
Where fairest flowers, the rose and lily, bloom,
And violets their faint perfumes diffuse,
Yet side by side with nightshade's breath; where mews
  The eagle his sky-tempting strength, but yet
  Where arrows feather; land of all regret,
Or sweetest joy that man may gain or lose.

A land of hope and yet of dark despair,
  Where dewy rose-mist slowly melts away
  In morning brightness to the perfect day
Serene, unclouded, save by isles of white,
Or gathers into folds of blackness all the air,
  And brings the tempest and the starless night.

H. T. Sudduth.

THE LATE JAMES N. MATTHEWS.

James N. Matthews, who died in Buffalo on December 20th, had long been prominent in that city as a newspaper editor and proprietor. His illness dated from early in September last, and he had been for several weeks in the care of physicians at Atlantic City, hoping the change of air might be beneficial. When his case seemed hopeless he was taken back to Buffalo, as he wished to end his days at home.

Mr. Matthews was a native of England, having been born in Suffolk in 1828. He learned the printer's trade when a boy, and in his eighteenth year came to this country, making Buffalo his home. Taking up the printer's calling in that city, he was made, a year later, foreman of the establishment connected with the *Commercial Advertiser*. In consequence of his youth his associates then called him, satirically, "the old man." But Matthews was a spirited youth, and soon fell into disagreement with his employers. Accordingly he left the office, predicting that when he returned it would be as a proprietor.

It required a period of thirteen years to bring about the fulfilment of this prophecy. During those years he published a short-lived newspaper called the *Journal of Commerce*, was foreman of the job office of the Buffalo *Express*, and then a partner in that office, the firm being Clapp, Matthews, & Co. About the year 1860 he returned to the *Commercial* as a partner, the firm eventually becoming composed of himself and James D. Warren. This partnership survived until 1877, Mr. Matthews being the editor of the paper. In the latter year, after a very successful partnership, Mr. Matthews and Mr. Warren disagreed as to which candidate the paper should support for Mayor of Buffalo. Mr. Warren favored Philip Becker, and Mr. Matthews the "citizens'" candidate. The result was a dissolution of the partnership, Mr. Warren retaining the *Commercial*, and Mr. Matthews in the following year buying the *Express*, which was then in very reduced circumstances.

Mr. Matthews became at once an independent journalist, declaring that, while in national affairs his paper would be Republican, his support in local and State politics would go to the best men. Very soon after this he had the satisfaction of contributing, in a Republican county, to the election of the Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, while in 1881 he bolted the Republican nomination for Mayor, and gave all the influence of his newspaper in favor of the election of Grover Cleveland to the office. The importance of Mr. Cleveland's success in that campaign has now become a fact familiar to all. The share of Mr. Matthews in the turn which events took was undoubtedly large. When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for Governor the *Express* gave him a vigorous support. The methods by which Judge Folger had been nominated was a powerful incentive to Mr. Matthews's attitude in that campaign. His support of Mr. Cleveland ended, however, about a year later. In national politics he was still, as always, a Republican. He had never held a political office properly so called. The nearest he came to it was to serve as delegate at large in the Republican National Conventions of 1872 and 1876.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Laurence Oliphant, who died in London on the 23d of December, was fifty-nine years old, having been born in 1829. He was the son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief-Justice of Ceylon. It was the father's intention that Laurence should enter the India service. The son went to India in 1850, was attached to the Nepaulese mission, and went as far as the borders of Thibet. Oliphant's first writing was descriptive of his Indian impressions, which were published under the title of *A Journey to Katmandhu*. Returning to England, he became a member of the Scottish bar. But Oliphant was not inclined to accept any fixed occupation, and in 1852 made a long journey through Russia, and in 1853 *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea* was issued. Having been appointed private secretary to the Earl of Elgin, he visited the United States, his attention being mainly devoted to the Northwest. The story of his wanderings he gave in *Minnesota and the Far West*. As a personal friend of Omar Pasha, after the war with Russia he wrote an account of the conflict, under the title of *The Transcaucasian Campaign under Omar Pasha*. In 1857 he joined his former chief the Earl of Elgin, and was his historiographer in China, and then wrote *A Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan*. In 1861 Mr. Oliphant was *chargé d'affaires* in Japan. While acting as the representative of England he was attacked in his own house by some Japanese fanatics, and only escaped by a miracle. The ceiling of the room being low, prevented the assassins from cutting down Mr. Oliphant with a sweep of their swords. It was during the last fifteen years that Mr. Oliphant devoted most of his time to a personal study of Palestine. All Jews should respect Mr. Oliphant, who took the liveliest interest in their present condition. *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine*, published by Harper & Brothers, is among the most remarkable of his books. The discoveries he made in Judea of monuments of the past and the remnants of Semitic life still existing are very curious. As a novelist Mr. Oliphant's style is excellent, and he wrote in the current language of to-day, and never was stilted. By comparison with modern English romance writing, a leading place is due to *Altiora Peto* and *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy*.

Busy as was Mr. Oliphant as a traveller and writer, he occupied his mind with the politics of his country, and was a member of Parliament from a Scottish borough from 1865 to 1868. Laurence Oliphant having very much at heart the better education of the people (it makes no difference whether his plans were visionary or not), his efforts were always directed so as to attain the highest ends for his fellow-men. In the last years of his life, in one of his publications, he wrote of those thoughts occupying his attention, which were somewhat of a mystical character. Mr. Oliphant visited the United States in the early part of this year, his business having to do with the publication of his last work, *Scientific Religion*. Mr. Oliphant's books should last, especially those of travel and adventure, for he was not alone a quick observer, but wrote of what he saw in a singularly interesting and graphic manner.

BOUND TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Loeb. "Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?"

Bobbs. "He left the earth. What more could I expect?"

AN ARMY AND NAVY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE H

HOUSE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 10.]

FROM CAMP TO CAPITAL.

Washington has become a centre of fashion, and of the dissipations that fashion patronizes. The restless, active, persistent toilers after pleasure have discovered in the capital a new sauce for their jaded palates. The names and faces that are familiar at Newport, Bar Harbor, and Lenox, at Tuxedo and the Country Club, are printed in the social chit-chat of the Washington Sunday newspapers. A great change has come over the spirit of the quiet city on the Potomac, and the old beaux and beauties who were jolted over the muddy roads of the capital village before the war, as they performed their simple social duties, would be astonished by the clatter and bustle, the flashing chariots, and the superb streets of to-day. The glimpses that we get of the old days when there were Senators who remembered Washington's "Farewell Address" show us a capital chiefly devoted to the labors of state-craft. The social pleasures of the earlier times were brief, and would seem crude to the modern fashionable world. Even when Miss Harriet Lane held her court there was doubtless much that would appear raw to the frequenters of the stately assemblages which are now seen in the White House. There has been a movement toward the elegance and lavish luxury of the present from the years immediately preceding the war, a movement that was interrupted in the grim days when the city was fortified against the enemies of the republic, but which received a new impetus from the elements that found their way to the seat of government after peace was declared and Grant was President. The old life still exists in the dignified and exclusive circle of the Supreme Court. It is still possible for clever men and women of moderate means to enjoy the best that there is in a society which is not yet large enough to afford much of a cloak for intrigue, and which is singularly free from scandal and food for scandal.

When Grant came in, Washington was a military camp. We may easily fancy it not unlike London after Ramillies and Malplaquet. Thackeray said of the London of Steele and Addison, "You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room under the reign of Queen Victoria a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton." All this may not have been true of Washington when the warmth of peace was just beginning to soften and dissolve the harsh manners of war, but the "old people," the "old Washingtonians," as they delighted in calling themselves, would have indignantly repelled the suggestion that Thackeray's description of the society of Anne's reign did not accurately portray the terrible condition of Washington when, as they used to say, "Grant filled the White House with his troopers."

It was, indeed, a strange and motley society that graced the capital in the days of reconstruction. All that was elegant and refined and accomplished gathered about the Secretary of State, and the social relations between the representatives of foreign governments and our own foreign office were never maintained with more dignity and decorum. But the newly made wealth of the North carried its owners and masters to Washington. The city that had been dominated by the fine women and fine men of the South was theirs no longer; the North had captured it, and the most vulgar elements in the North rushed in to celebrate their victory. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the cessation of the war gave the country an opportunity to realize what had been going on at the capital throughout the strife. For four years the government had been the greatest purchaser that the country had ever known, and the city where the contracts were awarded was naturally filled with money-getters. These were re-enforced when peace came, and rich and greedy speculators gave its tone to Washington, and made its social atmosphere so low and vulgar that to the rest of the country social life there seemed to be a continuous orgy. The newspapers were filled with scandals. Gross injustice was done to the President, and to many other worthy people in office, by connecting them with the vices and dissipations that glared so fiercely upon the public sight that all that was modest and virtuous was obscured. And yet there was good in Washington all the time. The troopers, it is true, were too often responsible for the wild tales that flew abroad on the swift and willing wings of rumor, but in those piping times the sutlers and contractors were far more numerous than the troopers. The society of which the world heard was of the champagne-guzzling kind; but while that fiddled and danced and drank and made merry, there were gentle folk who lifted their dainty skirts when its votaries pushed by, and would have none of it. There was the influence of a good woman at the White House, and there was the refined and self-respecting life of the home of Mrs Fish. Occasionally the revellers were startled into a moment's sobriety by some word of warning or sign of disapprobation from those who were universally recognized as the true leaders of society, and the word was always spoken or the sign given if the necessity was seen. The hand that crushed the Catacazy scandal was as gentle as any that ever did a courtesy, and as firm as any that ever held the social sceptre.

When Mr. Hayes became President, the troopers disappeared. The rich spendthrifts from the North did not last through the Grant administration. Some of them went into the business of improving Washington, and in looking after the pecuniary interests of the freedmen, and they came seriously to grief; but almost to the last moment they deceived the President, and were powerful enough in the social life of the White House to keep better people out. And if what Thackeray said of the bravoes of Queen Anne's time may not be true of the troopers, I think it is abundantly true of the leaders of the old District of Columbia ring, and that those people, at least, would not be suffered in a modern Washington drawing-room.

With Mr. Hayes came reconciliation between the North and the South. In more than one respect, this administration, which it is the fashion to deride, was one of the most beneficent that the country has ever had. One effect of its policy of conciliation was to clear the social atmosphere of the capital. The professional politicians and the traders were not on intimate terms at the White House. Mr. Hayes brought many social advantages to Washington; but it was not Mrs. Hayes, with her great tact and popularity, nor the charming homes of Secretaries Evarts and Schurz, that lifted the best people of the city out of their obscurity, and drew the line between their social life and the fizzing life of the hotels and the Avenue. That was partly due to the dislike for the President which was manifested by intense partisans, partly by the settling of the dregs, and partly by the decadence of Washington as a place for money-getting. The feverish struggle was over. The candles on the banquet table had spluttered out. The empty bottles, the disordered napery, the broken china, and the bad air were all that was left of the spree when the cool morning light came in at the windows. In Mr. Hayes's term the White House was not a fashionable centre, it is true. There was even an air of rusticity about it; but the home life was wholesome and simple. The bad elements that had been conspicuous for eight years did not intrude upon its inmates, to the sorrow, shame, and overwhelming of the thoroughly fine society which has always existed at the capital. The Executive Mansion was not only a decent American home, but it enjoyed the reputation that its character deserved. The general receptions which the President gave were the most democratic events that the town had seen since the days of Jackson. They made gala nights for the people who would never have gone to the White House by special invitation. The "old Washingtonians" who were not fashionable, the government clerks and their families, the shopkeepers and mechanics, and the domestic servants had their day, and their day endured for four happy years. They went to the President's house and nearly crushed each other into powder in their efforts to shake hands with their Chief Magistrate. They enjoyed the exquisite privilege of trampling on the gouty feet of diplomates and of suffering excruciating agony in the company of the most exclusive of the land; for while these latter did not approve of the open house which was kept by Mr. Hayes, the White House has never been a place from which fashionable people have wished to be excluded. It is true that there have been always some people who would not enter where it is now the highest privilege to go, but they were not so numerous in Mr. Hayes's time as they had been.

The state dinners without wine may have excited good-natured jesting, or even the temporary excitement and wrath of persons who protest against washing the taste out of a dozen courses of food with iced water, and the consequent indigestion. There was not much elegance at the President's, as society counts elegance, but there were quiet and refinement, and this gave the best life of the place an opportunity to be seen and heard from. Through Grant's time, the old set, the people who were prominent before the war, whose stately dinners and crusty Madeira were famous when the British Minister's coach on its way from Georgetown to the President's was compelled to ford a stream which ran across what is now one of the most fashionable avenues of the city—these old people knew nothing of the "upstarts" who had come to take their places, and, on the other hand, they were regarded by the new-comers very much as the loyal Whigs of England looked upon such people as Sir Everard Waverly of Waverly-Honour, a hundred and sixty years ago. Under Mr. Hayes, however, they began to show themselves. The modest teas and luncheons, the small dinners and exclusive evenings, with which they had gratified their gregarious instincts, grew in number and extent. The rest of the world were asked into what for years had been mysterious old mansions, whose occupants in turn feasted and made merry with the rest of the world. Then was seen a revival of old manners. Dignified gentlemen clad in old-fashioned dress-coats that buttoned over their waistbands paid that reverential homage to women that marks the well-bred Southerner, and low-voiced women, some of them in faded gowns, once more took the places of which the war had robbed them. But they were no longer paramount. A new element from the North had followed the troopers and traders. Cultivated and clever men and women found the capital interesting, and had begun to make it their winter home.

It was Mr. Arthur's administration that brought the real world of fashion to Washington, the world that pursues pleasure for its own sake with a wearying toil for which the recompense that it receives seems startlingly inadequate. The people who seek amusement at Newport in the summer and at Lenox in the autumn are now to be found at Washington for a part of every winter. They go there for a certain intellectual excitement which they obtain from coming into contact with men who are supposed to be the possessors of mighty state secrets; and whoever seeks to fathom the intellectual and emotional constitution of our public men, and neglects to acquire the point of view of the clever women of the capital, is guilty of a grievous, nay a fatal error. Beside the interest of the chase after state secrets, there are occasional excitements at the capital, which may take the form of a debate in the Senate or a luncheon in a committee-room. Then there are the pageants at the White House, when the fine old mansion is brilliant with the uniforms of the diplomatic corps and of the officers of the army and navy who attend under orders. Mr. Arthur's was a splendid social administration, and the town became so thoroughly fixed in the list of places to which the coteries of fashion ought to make an annual pilgrimage that henceforth it will not matter much what kind of persons may dwell in the White House. The troopers and traders will never again take possession. Wealth and fashion have built their temples in the broad spaces of the capital, and their carriages roll over its smooth streets. There is a glitter that did not formerly exist, and the tone is more brilliant but not so agreeable as it was. The old society, founded on position and character, is still there, but it is now only part of a larger and more bustling life. Society is not unique as it was before the war, or, to some extent, in the time of Mr. Hayes, but it is more representative, and it is more national. In the early time it was a Southern society; for a few years it was Northern, although the best of the East and the West did not predominate; then there was a mingling of the better elements of the two sections, with a local flavor, and now it is the fashionable people of the watering-places, with a decided dash of all the large cities of the country, of the West and the South, the Pacific coast as well as the Atlantic, while much of the color is given by the movement and conduct of government and the representatives from foreign countries. Mr. Arthur, with his metropolitan tastes and traditions, made the White House, for the first time since Buchanan's day, the real centre of society—not the official centre only—for Mr. Arthur was a social leader independently of his official place.

There has been no change in kind under Mr. Cleveland's administration. The President's house is made more attractive by the presence of a gracious woman, but the master and the mistress do not think so much of the social side of life as their immediate predecessor. There is an air of earnestness and work and achievement about the White House which it must always lack when its occupant is simply filling out a term to which some one else was elected. But outside of the White House the movement led by fashion and made splendid by wealth goes bravely on. Luxury has increased, clubs have multiplied, we hear of freaks of fashion that ten years ago would have astonished the very people who now participate in them. And yet there is a fine leaven in it all, a leaven that must always exist, of moderate income and decided worth, which gives society at Washington a character that it does not have in any other resort in the country.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

HATH NOT A JEW EYES?

Mr. Sainton the hair-dresser was a Frenchman, therefore his English neighbors regarded him with suspicion. He was also exceedingly stout, and his stoutness had come upon him at an unbecomingly early age, so that he had long been the object of his neighbors' merriment. When to these facts it is added that, although a keen and prosperous business man, he had attained the age of fifty without making any effort to marry, enough will have been said to show why he was disliked.

Why was he not married? Were English women not good enough for him? The pretty milliner across the street had been heard to remark in his presence that she should never refuse a man simply because he was a foreigner. Or if he did not want an English wife, why did he not import one from Paris with his perfumes? No, there was no reason for his behavior; and Mr. Sainton was the object of his neighbors' aversion.

Neighbors are often wrong in their estimates. In the heart of this shrewd and stout French hair-dresser there lay the capacity for that one supreme and lasting affection which is the halo crown of every truly noble life, and of which how many hearts which bear this world's reputation of nobility fall short! Yes, Mr. Sainton's love story was in the past, and it had come about in this way.

One day when the hair-dresser was still a young man, not long after he had first settled in Albert Street, the door of his shop opened and a young woman came in. Her figure was short and broad, and she was lame, walking with a crutch. Her face and features were large and peculiarly frank in expression, and upon her head was a very large hat. When she spoke, it was with a loud staccato voice; her words fell after one another like hailstones in a storm; there was no breathing space between them.

"I want Mr. Sainton."

"What may I have the pleasure of showing madame?"

"Good gracious! I told you I wanted to be shown Mr. Sainton. Are you, Mr. Sainton? None of your assistants for me. I want my hair cut."

The hair-dresser laid his hand upon his heart, as though to point out his own identity. He bowed, and as even at that age he was very stout, the effort of the bow caused his small eyes to shut and open themselves again. There was nothing staccato about the manner of the hair-dresser; he had carefully cultivated that address which he supposed would be most soothing to those who submitted themselves to his operations.

"Very well," said the little lady, apparently satisfied with the identification, "I want my hair cut. It is like a sheaf of corn. It is like a court train. It is like seven horses' manes tied together, if they were red. It is like a comet's tail."

It is probable that the hair-dresser only took in that part of this speech upon which he was in the habit of concentrating his attention, and that the force of the similes which followed one another like electric shocks escaped him altogether. He was about to show the new customer into the ladies' room, where his staid and elderly sister was accustomed to officiate, but she drew back with decision.

"No, not at all; I have come to have my hair cut by Mr. Sainton, and I want to have it done in the room with the long row of chairs where the long row of men get shaved every morning. I told my sister I should sit there. You have no men in at this time of day, have you, Mr. Sainton? Now I shall sit here in the middle chair, and you shall wash my hair. My father is the baker round the corner. He makes good bread. Do you wash people's hair as well? Will you squirt water on it with that funny tube? Will you put it in my eyes? Now I am up on the chair. Don't put the soap in my eyes, Mr. Sainton."

Sainton was not a man easily surprised. "Permit me, mademoiselle, would it not be better to remove the hat? Mon Dieu! Holy Mary, what hair!" For as the Eastern women carry their burdens on the crown of the head to ease the weight, so, when the large hat was off, it appeared that the baker's daughter carried her hair.

"Like the hair of a woman on a hair-restorer bottle, if it was red," remarked the girl, in answer to the exclamation.

"No, mademoiselle—no; it is not red. Mon Dieu! it is not red. Holy Mary! it is the color of the sun. Mon Dieu, what hair! As he untwined the masses it fell over the long bib, over the high chair, down till it swept the floor, in one unbroken flood of light.

"Wash it and cut it, and let me go home to make my father's dinner," said the quick voice, with decision. "My father is the baker round the corner, and he takes his dinner at two."

"Is it that mademoiselle desires the ends cut?" asked the hair-dresser, resuming his professional manner.

"Which ends?"

"Which ends?" he exclaimed, baffled. "Mon Dieu! these ends;" and he lifted a handful of the hair on the floor and held it before the eyes of the girl.

"Good heavens, no! Do you think I am going to pay you for cutting those ends? It's the ends at the top I want cut. Lighten it; that's what I want. Do you think I am a woman in a hair-dresser's advertisement to sit all day looking at my hair? I have to get my father's dinner. Lighten it, Mr. Sainton; cut it off; that's what I want."

"Mon Dieu, no!" Sainton again relapsed from the hair-dresser into the man. He too could have decision. He leant against the next chair and set his lips very firmly together. "By all that is holy, no," he said; "you may get some villain Englishman to cut that hair, but me, never."

"You speak English very well, Mr. Sainton. Have you been long in the country? Well, wash the hair, then, and be done. Don't put the soap in my eyes."

Sainton was in ecstasies. He touched the hair reverently as one would touch the garments of a saint. He laid aside his ordinary brushes and sponges, and going into the shop, he brought thence what was best and newest. Do not laugh at him. Have we not all at some time in our lives met with what seemed the embodiment of our ideal? have we not set aside for the time our pretty economies and reserves, and brought forth whatever we had that was best of thought or smiles or vesture?

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said; "to take care of such hair forever—that would be heaven. I am a Frenchman; I have a soul; I can feel."

"Should you be afraid to die a sudden death, Mr. Sainton?" said the quick voice from the depths of a shower of water.

"Ciel! We do not speak of such things, mademoiselle. There will come a time, I know, when my hair will turn gray; then for the sake of my profession I shall be obliged to dye it. There will come a time after that when I shall die; but we do not even think of these things; it is better not."

"But should you be afraid to die now?" persisted the girl.

"Very much afraid," said the hair-dresser, candidly.

"Then don't feel, Mr. Sainton. I never feel. I make it the business of my life not to feel. They tell me there is something wrong at my heart, and that if I ever feel either glad or sorry I shall go off, pop, like a crow from a tree when you have shot it, like a spark that falls into water."

The hair-dresser meditated upon this for some time. He did not believe it. He had drawn the bright hair back now from the water, and was fondling it with his whitest and softest towels.

"Who was it that said to mademoiselle that her heart was bad?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Sainton, my heart is not bad. I know my catechism, and go to church, and cook my father's dinner every day, and a very good dinner it is, too. What put it into your head that I had a bad heart?"

"Pardon! Mademoiselle, I mistake. Who told mademoiselle that she was sick at heart?"

"Good gracious heavens! I am not sick at heart. To be sure my mother is dead, and my sister is ill, and my father is as cross as two sticks, but for all that I am not heart-sick. I like this world very well, and when I feel sad I put more onions into the soup."

Sainton went on with his work for some time in silence: then he tried again: "You say I speak good English, and I flatter myself I have the accent very well, but what avails if I cannot make you understand? Was it a good doctor who said mademoiselle's heart was affected—touched, I might say?"

There was a shout of laughter from under the shower of gold.

"My heart touched! One would think I was in love. No—my heart is not touched yet; least of all by you, Mr. Sainton—least of all by you, Mr. Sainton."

She repeated this last rhythmic phrase with a quaint musical intonation, as though it was the refrain of a song, and after her voice and laughter had died away she went on nodding her head in time to the brushing as if she were singing it over

to herself. This distressed the hair-dresser not a little, and he remained silent.

"What shall I pay you, Mr. Sainton?" said the little lady, when the large hat was once more on the head.

"If mademoiselle would but come again," said the hair-dresser, putting both hands resolutely behind his back.

"When I come again I shall pay you both for that time and this," she said, with perhaps more tact than could have been expected of her. "And if you want to live long, Mr. Sainton, don't feel. If I should feel I should die off, quick, sharp, like a spark that falls into water." She made a little gesture with her hand, as if to indicate the ease and suddenness with which the supposed catastrophe was to take place, and hobbled down the street. Sainton stood in the doorway, looking after her, and his heart went from him.

He sent her flowers—flowers that a duchess might have been proud to receive. He sent them more than once, and they were accepted; he argued much from that. He made friends with the baker in order that he might bow to him morning and evening. Then he waited. He said to himself, "She is English; if I go to see her, if I put my hand on my heart and weep, she will jeer at me; but if I wait and work for her in silence, then she will believe." He made a parlor for her in the room above his shop; and every week, as he had time and money, he went out to choose some ornament for it. His maiden sister watched these actions with suspicion, threw scornful looks at him when he observed her watchfulness, and lent a kindly helping hand when he was out of sight. The parlor grew into a shrine ready for its divinity, and the hair-dresser worked and waited in silence. Ah, how many another lover has made his mistake! As if love unexpressed and unknown had power to bless any but the heart of the lover.

Meanwhile the girl also waited. She could not go back to the hair-dresser's shop lest she should seem to invite a renewal of those attentions which had given her the sweet surprise of the joy of love. The law of her woman's nature stood like a lion in the path. She waited through the months of the dreary winter till the one gleam of sunshine which had come into her sad young life had faded, till the warmth it had kindled in her heart died—as a lamp's flame dies for lack of oil; died—as a flower dies in the drought; died into anger for the man who had disturbed her peace; and when she thought she cared for him no more, she went again to get her hair cut.

"You have come," said Sainton; but the very strength of his feeling made him grave.

"Good gracious, yes; I have come to have my hair cut. You would not cut it when I was here, and I have been very poorly these three months. I could not come out, so the other day I had my sister cut it off. My father wanted to send for you, but I said no, and, oh, my! it looks just as if a donkey had come behind and mistaken it for hay."

How quickly a train of thought can flash through the brain! Sainton asked himself if he loved the girl or the hair, and his heart answered, very sincerely, that the hair, divine as it was, had been but the outward sign which led him to love the inward soul of the girl.

"Mademoiselle ought not to have said 'no'; I should have come very willingly, and would have cut your hair, if I had known it must be so."

"I made my sister cut it; but it's frightful. It looks as if one had tried to mow a lawn with a pair of scissors, or shear a sheep with a penknife."

"I will make all that right," said Sainton, soothingly; "I will make it all right. Just in a moment I will make it very nice."

Yes, it was too true, the hair was gone; and very barbarously it had been handled. "I shall make it all right," he said, cheerfully, "I shall trim it beautifully for mademoiselle. Ah, the beautiful color is there all the same."

"As red as a sunset or a geranium," she said.

"You do not believe that," sighed Sainton. He trimmed the hair very tenderly, and curled it softly round the white face, till it looked like a great fair marigold just beginning to curl in its petals for the night. He worked slowly, for he had something he wanted to say, and when his work was done he summoned up courage and said it. He told her his hopes and fears. He told the story blunderingly enough, but it had its effect.

"Mon Dieu!" said Sainton, but he said it in a tone that made his sister, who was listening to every word through the door, leave that occupation and dart in to his assistance.

"Qu'elle est morte," was her brief, stern comment. And so it was. The baker's daughter had felt, and she had died.

"This is not wholly unexpected," said the baker, sadly, when he came to carry the corpse of his daughter. "We all expected it," said the neighbors; "she had heart-disease." And they talked their fill, and never discovered the truth it would have pleased them best to talk about.

The short hair curled softly about the face of the dead girl as she lay in her coffin, and Sainton paid heavily for masses for her sweet soul. When they laid her in the church-yard he came home and took the key, and went into the little parlor all alone. She had never seen it. She had never even heard of it. It is sad to bury a baby that is dead; it is sadder, if we but knew it, to bury in darkness and silence a child that has never lived. A joy that has gone from us forever is a jewel that trembles like a tear on Sorrow's breast, but the brightest stars in her diadem are the memories of hopes that have passed away unrealized and untold. Ah, well, perhaps the gay trappings of the little room, by their daily influence on his life, drew him nearer to heaven. He gave the key to his sister afterward, and they used the room as their own; but that day he locked himself in alone, and, hiding his face in the cushions of her dainty chair, he wept as only a strong man can weep.

Earnest Duns.

YESTERDAY.

My friend, he spoke of a woman face;
  It puzzled me, and I paused to think.
He told of her eyes and mouth, the trace
  Of prayer on her brow, and quick as wink
I said: "Oh yes, but you wrong her years.
She's only a child, with faiths and fears
  That childhood fit. I tell thee nay;
  She was a girl just yesterday."

"The years are swift and sure, I trow"
(Quoth he). "You speak of the long ago."

Once I strolled in a garden spot,
  And every flower upraised a head
(So it seemed), for they, I wot,
  Were mates of mine; each bloom and bed,
Their hours for sleep, their merry mood,
The lives and deaths of the whole sweet brood,
  Were known to me; it was my way
  To visit them but yesterday.

Spake one red rose, in a language low:
"We saw you last in the long ago."

Entering under the lintel wide,
  I saw the room; 'twas all the same:
The oaken press and the shelves aside,
  The window, small for the sunset flame,
The book I loved on the table large;
I ope'd, and lo! in the yellow marge
  The leaf I placed was shrunk and gray.
  I swear it was green but yesterday!

Then a voice stole out of the sunset glow:
"You lived here, man, in the long ago."

'Tis the same old tale, though it comes to me
By a hundred paths of pain and glee,
Till I guess the truth at last, and know
That Yesterday is the Long Ago.

Richard E. Burton.

THE MONITOR "PURITAN."

The *Puritan*, now awaiting completion at the navy-yard, Norfolk, is the highest type of coast-defence vessel yet laid down in this country. She is the most formidable development in the direct line of the original *Monitor*, and possesses all the admirable qualities which individualized it; but as some of the typical defects exist, and many of the modern essentials are lacking, she is classed as a second-rate ship.

Within a month the government has submitted for public bids the plans of a light draught, heavily armored coast and harbor defence floating battery and ram, and as a comparison may be interesting, the conventional data of the two vessels are quoted. Puritan: length, 280 feet; beam, 60 feet; draught, 18 feet; displacement, 6000 tons. Armor, compound (steel and iron): side, 12 inches; turret, 11½ inches. Ram bow: battery, main—four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, firing a 500-lb. shot with a 250-lb. charge; secondary—two 6-pounder and two 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 37-millimetre revolving cannons and two Gatlings. New Ship: length, 250 feet; beam, 59 feet; draught, 14 feet 6 inches; displacement, 4000 tons. Ram bow: battery, main, one 16-inch, with a 2000-lb. shot and a 1000-lb. charge; one 12-inch, with 425 lbs. of powder and a projectile weighing 850 lbs. (both breech-loading, all-steel rifles), and one 15-inch dynamite gun which will discharge a seamless brass tube projectile carrying 600 lbs. of explosive material. The secondary battery consists of six 33-pounder, three 9-pounder, two 6-pounder, and four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns. The *Puritan* has twin-screw, horizontal compound engines, weighing 1260 tons, and developing 3058 horse-power and a speed of 13 knots; the new ship will have twin-screw, vertical, inverted, triple expansion engines, weighing 431 tons, and developing 5400 horse-power and 18 knots. The relation between power and weight of engines is, in the *Puritan*, about 2.42 indicated horse-powers per ton of machinery, and in the new ship over 12 horse-powers to each ton of machinery. In battery power the work which the gun can perform, the so-called energy, is, with the *Puritan's* 10-inch, 15,285 foot-tons, or a developed energy sufficient to lift that weight in tons one foot; with the new ship's 16-inch gun, the energy is 61,114 foot-tons; and with the 12-inch, 25,985 foot-tons. As the 100-ton hammer at the Le Creusot Steel Works develops about 1700 foot-tons, the power of these guns may be popularly estimated; or, to put it in another way, the relative penetration in wrought-iron at 1000 yards of the three pieces is 36.8, 27.6, and 23.7 inches, respectively. The steel armor-plating of the new ship is 16 inches on the side, 16 on the single turret, and 14 on the barbette.

The disparity in speed is not so much a matter of moment as the differences in the other qualities; for while the power of a coast-defence vessel to keep the sea and fight its guns in all weathers must be equal to that of the sea-going ship, still it does not, from the nature of its duties, need the coal endurance nor the speed of the cruiser. Hence the weight saved in coal, machinery, and supplies permits more armor to be given to the defence and heavier guns to the attack. The coast-defence vessel must also possess great handiness in manœuvring, so as to avoid the ram and torpedo, and such least practicable draught and displacement, with maximum offensive and defensive possibilities, as to have the power of attacking shore defences, or of selecting its fighting base in shoaler waters than the deep-draughted antagonist may approach.

This brief statement of the comparative elements may, perhaps, make plain the superiority, in design at least, of the new ship; but, after all, these generalizations are relative; for the *Puritan*, though second in the race, is a rival so worthy of respect as to carry armor thicker than two-thirds of the French and English armored ships, and to mount guns which can penetrate seventeen and a half inches of wrought-iron at the distance of one mile. Her low free-board of thirty inches offers a small target either to direct or ricochet shots; and her turrets, raised only nine feet above the water-line, afford splendid protection to the guns and their crews. She is rigged with a single mast for signal purposes, and the turrets are connected by a hurricane deck, upon which the rapid-fire and machine guns are mounted. On top of each turret is a conical steel pilot-house, from nine to twelve inches thick, and so shaped as to deflect projectiles; and above this, supported by iron stanchions, is a circular wooden structure, containing officers' quarters and a chart-room. Over the armored deck, which is two inches thick, the waves flow freely in heavy weather; and as all hatches are closed at sea, the between-deck spaces are ventilated by blower engines, which draw air through ventilators that project above the lower deck, and have their bases protected by ten inches of armor.

Many vessels of the Monitor type were employed between 1862 and 1865, and at the close of the war four double-turreted, wooden-hulled, laminated armored ships were built. Of these, the *Miantonomoh, Monadnock, Amphitrite*, and *Terror*, the first two made sea cruises, but all decayed rapidly, and were in 1874 broken up. In the same year four others, with similar names, were laid down, and in 1875 the *Puritan* was begun. The hulls were built of iron, the designs were correct mathematically, and, for that time, they were fairly good vessels, but they were spasmodically tinkered with, persistently abused, and finally abandoned for five years. At length they were grudgingly taken into favor, not because they were especially liked, but because over two million dollars had been spent upon them, and it was deemed cheaper to give more than to lose the first investment.

Smaller than the *Puritan*, they have the same battery and turret armor, and when they are completed it may be ventured, as a modest prophecy, that the country will find it has not thrown good money after bad. They are not first-class ships, but they form a promising nucleus for that most important of all national safeguards, the coast-defence vessel.

THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

In the accompanying illustrations we give a front view and three side views of the completed model of the Lafayette monument which is now in course of execution in Paris, and which will be erected in the city of Washington. The sculptors are Alexandre Falguière and Antonin Mercié. By an act approved March 3, 1885, the Congress of the United States of America authorized the Secretary of War, the chairman of the joint committee on the library, and the architect of the Capitol as a commission to contract for and erect a statue, with suitable emblematic devices thereon, on one of the public reservations in the city of Washington, to the memory of Lafayette and his compatriots. Thereupon a competition was opened, and MM. Falguière and Mercié having been invited to send in a design, their sketch was finally accepted.

The contract was signed in Paris the 21st day of December, 1887, by the sculptors, and signed at the city of Washington on January 26, 1888, on behalf of the United States, by William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, William M. Evarts, and Edward Clark, architect of the Capitol. The monument will have to be delivered and erected in the city of Washington before January 26, 1890, failing which "the commission may, in their discretion, revoke and annul this agreement."

The subsidiary figures selected by the commission, after consultation with almost every historical society in America, and with many noted authorities on American history, are Rochambeau and Duportail, and D'Estaing and De Grasse, the former two representing the army and the latter two the navy. These pairs of heroes are placed respectively to the left and the right of the pedestal, together with appropriate emblems. On the front face is a female figure representing young America in the act of offering a sword of honor to Lafayette and his compatriots, as is signified by the inscription on the cartouch, "A Lafayette et ses Compatriotes."

The principal figure of this monument, whose services it is destined chiefly to commemorate, Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, born 1757, died 1834, is known or should be known to all Americans. An enthusiast for the cause of liberty, Lafayette received the first news of the American insurrection when he was a young officer in garrison at Metz; his "heart," he wrote, "was at once enlisted," and soon he put himself in relations with an American agent, equipped a ship at his own expense, and in spite of the opposition of his family and the formal prohibition of the court of Louis XVI., he started, and reached Georgetown, Carolina, in the summer of 1777. He was then twenty years of age. On July 31, 1777, Congress appointed Lafayette Major-General in the American army. After two years of brilliant service, there being rumors of war between France and England, Lafayette returned to serve his country, and Congress offered him a sword of honor, which was presented to him in Paris in the name of the American people. Congress also wrote to Louis XVI. a letter thus conceived: "We recommend this noble young man to your Majesty's attention, because we have found him wise in counsel, brave on the battle-field, patient in the midst of the fatigues of war." During his stay in France Lafayette won over the friendship and support of the King to the American cause, and obtained from the cabinet of Versailles an auxiliary corps of 6000 men, commanded by the Comte de Rochambeau, whom he himself preceded to America in 1780, where he again fought gloriously against the English in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis. His third journey to America, 1784–5, was devoted to the joys of triumph, and to receiving the testimonies of the American people, who saluted in him one of their liberators. In 1824–5 Lafayette again visited America, as the guest of the nation, and was splendidly fêted and honored; at Bunker Hill he celebrated the anniversary of one of his first combats for liberty; at Mount Vernon he rendered pious homage at the grave of Washington, whose friendship had been one of the glories of his life; while in addition to all individual manifestations he was made the subject of an act of national munificence in the form of $200,000 and of a gift of land, in recognition of the sacrifices that he had made in former days for the sake of American freedom.

The figure of Lafayette which MM. Falguière and Mercié have modelled represents the hero in the prime of young manhood, for his most glorious feats of arms in America were performed before he was twenty-five. In obtaining personal and physiognomic resemblance the sculptors have availed themselves of the rich collection of iconographic documents contained in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and which, so far as Lafayette is concerned, is equalled only and in several rarities surpassed by the remarkable collection bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of New York by the late William Henry Huntington.

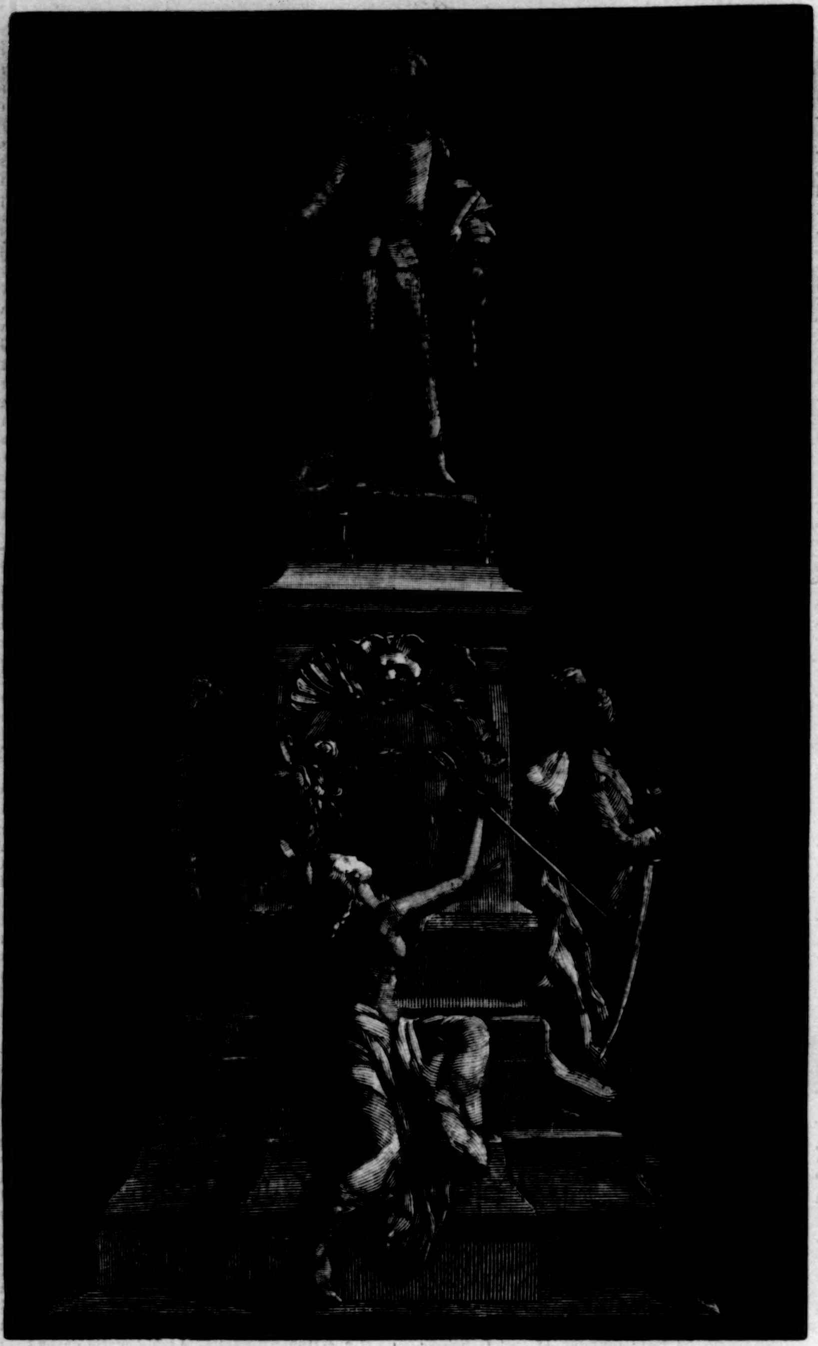
As regards the four companions of Lafayette who figure on the sides of the monument, we need only to summarize their careers, for their names and their deeds are familiar to all patriotic Americans. Jean Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau, born 1725, died 1807, the hero of Minorca and of Minden, became Lieutenant-General in 1780, and was sent to America with 6000 men, co-operated with the forces of Washington and of the Admiral Comte de Grasse, and rendered brilliant service in the Cornwallis campaign. Congress testified its gratitude toward Rochambeau by giving him two cannon taken from the British, on which were engraved his coat of arms and a memorial inscription. During the French Revolution these two cannon were taken from him by order of the "Comité de Salut Public," and what has become of them is not known. Lebègue Duportail, died 1802, was a Captain in the Royal Engineers when he obtained permission to accompany Lafayette, of whom he was the intimate friend. In 1777 he was made Colonel of Engineers by Congress, and joined General Washington at head-quarters, when he became chief of the corps of engineers. He served on Washington's staff at Morristown, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, and Monmouth. He was captured in the defence of Charlestown, but was exchanged specially, and became a close companion of Washington. He retired from the Continental service in 1783, and returned to France with the grade of Brigadier. In 1790, through his friendship with Lafayette, he was made Minister of War. During the French Revolution he was accused and proscribed, and took refuge in America. It was not until after the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire that he obtained the authorization to return to France, but he died on the voyage home. Charles Hector, Comte d'Estaing, born 1729, died 1794, began his career as an infantry officer, and finally became Admiral. In 1778 he received command of twelve ships and four frigates, and sailed for America, where he concerted with Lafayette and the American generals the manœuvres which compelled the British to destroy their fleet in Newport Harbor. D'Estaing subsequently commanded the French naval forces for the reduction of the West Indies. François Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse, Marquis de Grasse-Tilly, born 1723, died 1788, was destined by his family to enter the order of the Knights of Malta, and in his youth fought on the galleys of the order against the Turks and Barbaresques. In 1749 he entered the service of France, and distinguished himself in the East Indian seas, and subsequently with D'Estaing in the West Indies. In 1781 he left Brest in command of twenty-one ships, ten frigates, four corvettes, forming the escort of forty-three vessels transporting men and other succors to the United States. In the autumn of 1781 he reached Chesapeake Bay, and co-operated in the great campaign that culminated in the surrender of Cornwallis.

So much for the heroes in whose honor this monument is being made. As for the sculptors, we may refer our readers to Harper's Magazine of January, 1888, for an account of their career, and of the position which they hold in the flourishing school of contemporary French sculpture. Falguière is the master, Mercié is the pupil, who has become master in his turn, and now enjoys the rare pleasure and honor of collaborating with his former *patron*, to use the familiar studio term. The reader may be curious to know how Falguière and Mercié work together, and what is each one's share in the common work. The first instance of their collaboration was the Courbet monument; the second is this Lafayette monument; the third is an important scheme of decorative sculpture for the museum of the town of Lille. The method of working is very simple. A subject is proposed—for example, the Lafayette monument. Mercié and Falguière have studios within ten minutes' walk of each other. Like ordinary mortals, they feel hungry toward noon, when each one washes the clay off his hands, puts on hat and coat, and sallies forth. When

MERCIÉ has walked five minutes or so across the Luxembourg Garden he finds himself at the door of the Café Fleurus; when FALGUIÈRE has walked five minutes from his studio in the Rue d'Assai he too finds himself at the door of the Café Fleurus. In this café the two sculptors lunch and "talk it over," and after lunch they smoke cigarettes or even vulgar pipes, and, there being paper and pencil handy, they express their ideas in drawing, and try this effect and that until a project is formed. Then they make a little clay model to judge of the aspect of their project, which model, they work upon, each giving a touch, a suggestion, a movement, until they are both satisfied. Next they make a small and careful model embodying their perfected scheme, such as the one which was submitted to the commission of the War Department, and which, having been accepted, served as the basis and starting-point for the final monument. The enlarged model from which our illustrations are made is complete only so far as concerns the silhouette, the form, gestures, costume, and accessories. When each of the figures has been enlarged to the size of execution, the sculptors will go over the whole once more, studying more closely the details of the modelling, and rendering perfect what now appears rough. The implacable bronze demands absolute affirmation, and not mere suggestion. In the model which we have photographed much is left still in a suggestive state; one of the babies holding the cartouch has even lost a portion of one leg. But for such minutiæ the reader will make allowance.

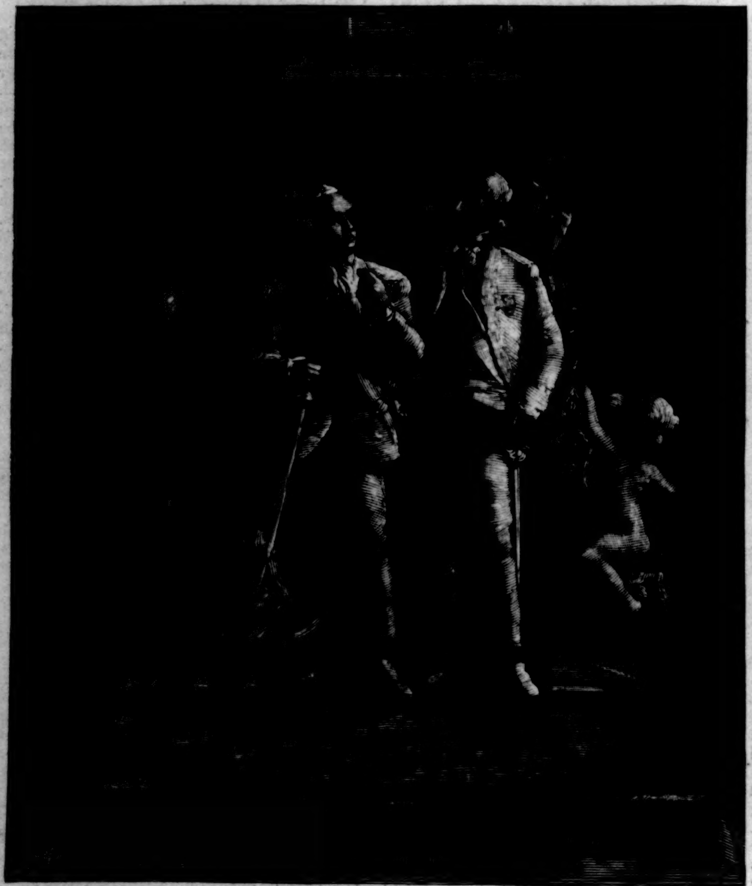
It is interesting to note that the Café Fleurus, where FALGUIÈRE and MERCIÉ lunch and collaborate, is the same where the "Amis du Vendredi" used to meet in the old days. This was a dinner founded in 1849 by COROT, CHENAVARD, TROYON, and FRANÇAIS, and afterward joined by BARYE, JEAN GIGOUX, CABANEL, VIOLLET-LE-DUC, AIMÉ MILLET, GUSTAVE PLANCHE, JULES SANDEAU, PAUL DE MUSSET, etc. The "Amis du Vendredi" are nearly all dead; their weekly dinner no longer continues; its place has been taken by the "Diner du Macédoine," which is held on the other side of the water. Nowadays the Café Fleurus has no great artistic custom, for manners and habits have changed: the collaborative lunches of FALGUIÈRE and MERCIÉ will, however, be counted amongst the interesting souvenirs of the house.

The model from which our illustrations are taken is one-quarter the size of the execution. It was modelled in clay by FALGUIÈRE and MERCIÉ, working together in intimate communion of thought and hand, and when terminated a plaster cast of the whole was made. This we had photographed. Now this plaster cast is being enlarged to scale, each figure and detail to the size of execution. These enlarged models will in their turn be retouched by the sculptors, then cast in plaster, and from the plaster casts will be made the sand moulds into which the founder will pour the molten bronze that will form the definitive monument, according to the usual course of manufacture. It may be interesting to note that last September, when MM. FALGUIÈRE and MERCIÉ were at length able to see their work as a whole on a comparatively large scale, and to judge of the general effect, they regretted that the figures would be in bronze—especially the figures around the pedestal—and conceived the idea that their monument would gain greatly in splendor of mass and in artistic unity if the pedestal and its accompanying figures could be hewn directly out of a great block of marble. After consulting several friends and critics they determined to communicate their views to the commission, and to ask if the commission would not reconsider the point. A friend of the sculptors wrote a letter in English to explain the points fully, and a reply was received by cablegram, afterward confirmed by a letter from the War Department at Washington, dated October 26, 1888. In this letter Secretary ENDICOTT, chairman of the commission, made some remarks of great interest concerning this matter of open-air monuments in America; and considering that our indiscreetness, if it be such, can only be of profit to sculptors and public art patrons in general, we venture to make an extract from this document.

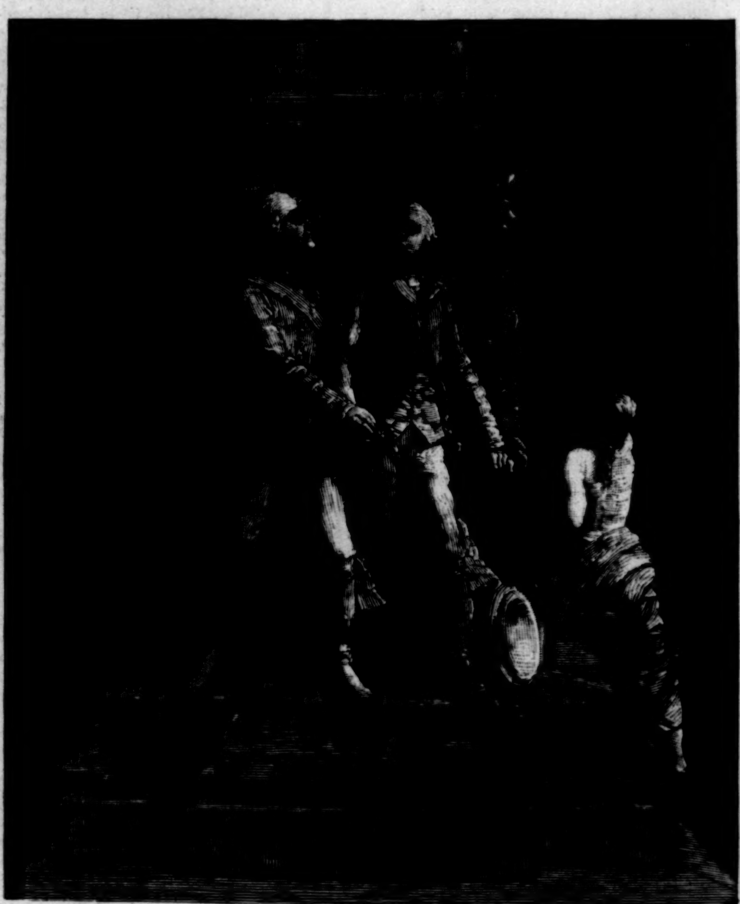


THE MONUMENT VIEWED FROM THE FRONT.

"While deferring to your better judgment," writes Mr. Secretary ENDICOTT, "in all that pertains to the artistic side of the question, we have determined, after much consideration, that it is desirable to adhere to the terms of the contract, and have the subordinate statues, the figures, and ornamentation of the monument in bronze. In arriving at this conclusion we have been governed not only by our own opinion, but also by the advice of Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT, an architect and artist of high reputation, who from long residence in France is competent to view the matter from your point of view as well as from our own. He believes, and we agree with him, that marble, especially white marble, which would probably have been your choice, is unsuited for the purpose proposed in this country, whenever the monument is to be placed in the open air, exposed to all weathers. In consequence of the damp nature of the climate, it is soon discolored and stained, while bronze becomes very black by oxidation, and the two materials offer a striking contrast, one to the other. The sudden and frequent changes of temperature and the action of severe frosts also speedily affect the texture of the surface of the marble by disintegration, rendering it rough, and sometimes chipping off delicate tracery and prominent projections. In view of these objections to marble generally, we beg to suggest for the pedestal, and for such parts of the monument as are by the contract to be in marble, you should make choice of a marble of hard texture, and, avoiding white, should select a reddish or colored marble, of such hue as would best harmonize with the bronzes. We desire, however, to merely offer a suggestion on this point, leaving you full liberty of action, according to your better judgment."

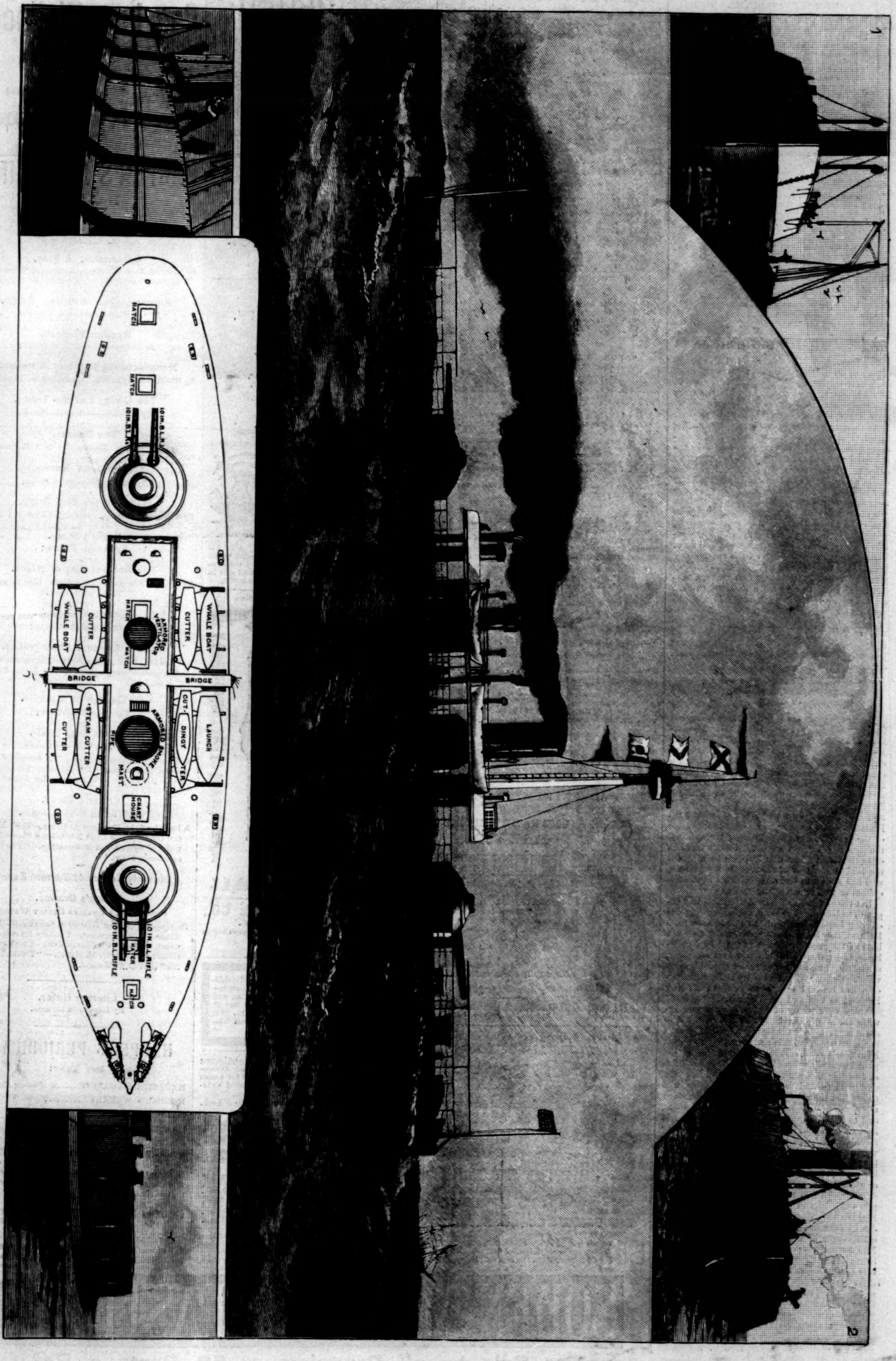


D'ESTAING AND DE GRASSE.



ROCHAMBEAU AND DUPORTAIL.

THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE FOR THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



THE UNITED STATES DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR "PURITAN."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 11.]

1. Hull before being armored. 2. Ram Bow and Armor. 3. Brackets and Armor Supports. 4. Stern with Overhang to be submerged. 5. Deck Plan.

LE ROI EST MORT.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

WITH many a toast, with many a cheer,
  With many a ringing chorus,
The old world greets the glad New Year,
  The young, fresh year before us.
'Mid wild applause he mounts the throne,
  A king his subjects meeting;
To the great future, veiled, unknown,
  Man's heart gives eager greeting.

What though the Old Year took his leave
  Bowed down with weight of sorrow,
"The king is dead!—long live the king!"
  Behold the glad to-morrow!
Howe'er the past was full of woe,
  Mankind is ever certain:
There lurks the bliss we fain would know
  Behind the future's curtain.

The legend of Pandora's box
  Repeats its lesson over;
The Old Year dealt us many knocks—
  This year we'll lie in clover.
Youth dances on the gray-beard's grave,
  And, greeting the new-comer,
Sees in his grasp the gifts it craves,
  And dreams of endless summer.

Alas! the while we lay him low,
  We old, experienced sinners,
Whose sands of life are ebbing slow,
  Whose chief delight is dinners—
We drop a tear upon his bier
  Before we turn the shoulder.
Whate'er our gains, one sting remains—
  He's sure to make us older.

A NEW-YEAR'S CALL IN 1640.

THE feast of the *Nieuw Jar* in 1640, as represented in Mr. REINHART'S picture, was the most auspicious our Dutch ancestors had celebrated in New Amsterdam in many a year. The arbitrary and tyrannical rule of the new Governor, WILHELM KIEFT, who had been sent out by the West India Company a year or two before, was having its effect in the New Netherlands, where conditions were such that the efforts of a more enlightened and just ruler might not have been so effective. There was less rioting and disorder on the streets at night, because Governor KIEFT had issued orders forbidding the sailors to leave their ships after dark; and he had restricted the sale of liquor so that the English ex-convicts, who had come to New Amsterdam from Virginia, whither they had been transported by their mother-country, were unable to get drunk and fight. Then there was little danger from the Indians, because the Governor had forbidden the sale of gunpowder to them; and as every person who left the city had to take out a passport, and the Council sat every Thursday, KIEFT had the settlement under pretty effective control.

There was no business done in New Amsterdam on New-Year's Day, but the cessation of commerce did not mean as much as it would at present. That was more than two hundred years even before the

"Days when Bleecker Street was rus,
And Murray Hill, as is to us,
Champlain—au sable."

Pearl Street was the principal thoroughfare on that particular New-Year's Day, and it was merely a road on the bank of the East River, while Water, South, and Front streets had just been reclaimed from the swamps. Broad Street was a canal, and there was a windmill on State Street. If a citizen desired to cross the East River on a pleasant day he went down to the shore where Peck Slip is at present, and blew a horn which he found hanging on a tree, when old CORNELIUS DIRCKSEN would come from his barn near the site of the present ferry-house in Brooklyn, and row the passenger over in a skiff. Nobody cared to cross the Groot River, that had just been named the Hudson, for fear of the New Jersey Indians, who had almost as bad a reputation as the mosquitoes of that region at the present day.

But the prospects of New Amsterdam had begun to be bright. The West India Company was offering large inducements to immigrants from Holland, they being accommodated with as much land as they could cultivate in the New Netherlands, and promises being made that ministers, school-teachers, and negro slaves should be provided. Greater religious liberty in New Amsterdam had brought many settlers also from New England as well as from Virginia.

There were plenty of topics for conversation when the sturdy burghers, who had been out to shoot for turkeys in the morning, made their calls in the afternoon, to drink wine or punch and eat New-Year's cake. Perhaps they discussed the punishment of GRIETZE REINERS, who had slandered Dominie EVERARDUS BOGARDUS, and had been sentenced to declare before the Governor and Council, at the ringing of the bell, that she knew the slanders were false when she uttered them, and to beg the Dominie's pardon. They might have talked about Governor KIEFT, who was very much disliked, and have wondered if the rumor was true that he had failed in business in Holland before he was made Governor, and had had his portrait nailed to a gallows in consequence; or whether the story that he had kept the money sent through him to purchase the liberty of certain Christians in bondage in Turkey was true. Perhaps they discussed the rumor that Captain JOHN UNDERHILL, the hero of the Pequot war and ex-Governor of Dover, was about to remove to New Amsterdam; or speculated concerning OLOFF STEVENS VAN CORTLANDT'S removal from the military service to be made Commissary of Cargoes at a salary of thirty guilders, or twelve dollars, per month. They might have wondered how the English who came to New Amsterdam liked to take the oath of allegiance to the Dutch West India Company; and doubtless they laughed at the story Captain DE FRIEST brought from New England of the custom of whipping tipsy men on poles like thieves in Holland.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

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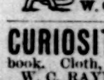

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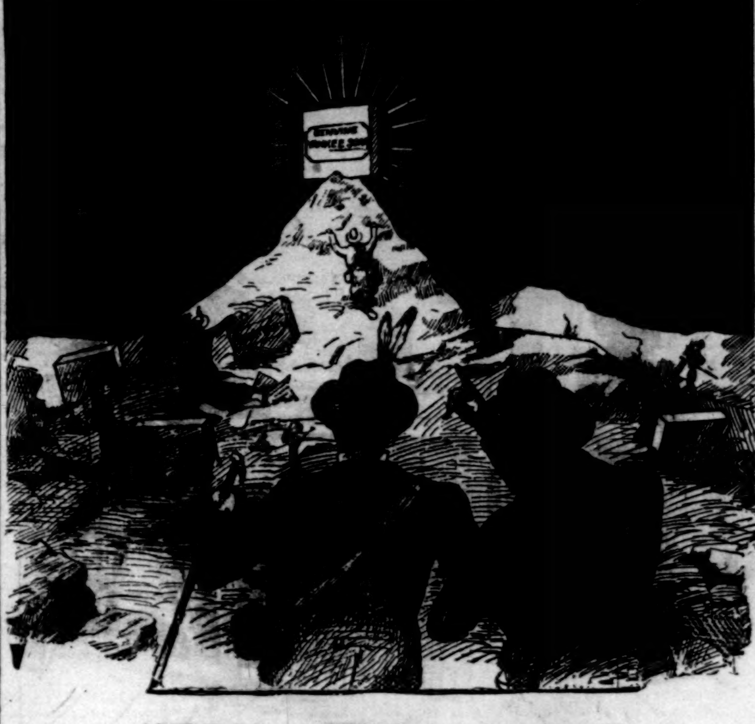

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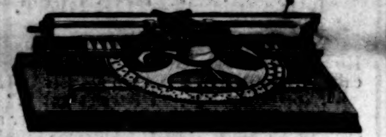

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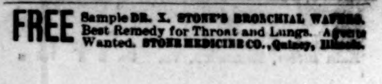

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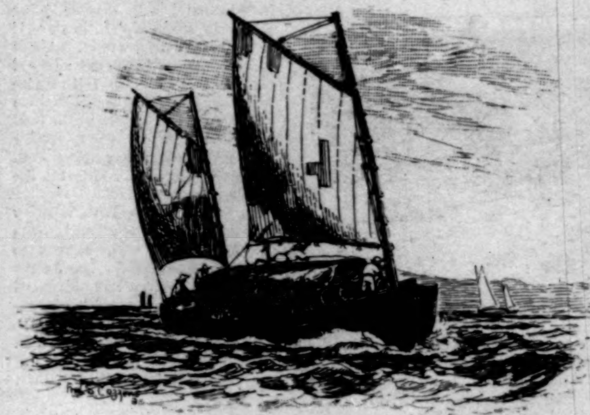
THE EVOLUTION OF THE FERRY-BOAT.

BY S. BAYARD DOD.

ROBERT FULTON.



A PERIAUGER.

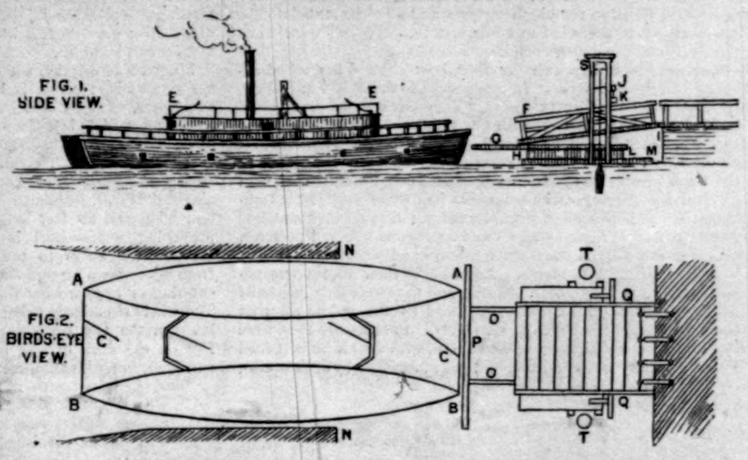
A FERRY, as defined by law, is the liberty to have a boat or boats upon a river for the transportation of persons, horses and carriages, and merchandise, for a reasonable toll. In England this right is established by royal grant or prescription; in the United States by legislative authority, either direct or delegated, and is subject to legislative control. Without such authority no one, though he be the owner of both banks of a river, has the right to keep a ferry; though twenty years' uninterrupted use will create a presumption of the right.

We can trace the exercise of this right of ferriage on the East River back to the year 1659, when there is reference in the colonial records to an existing "fferry." It was kept by CORNELIS DIRCKSEN, who, having a farm near by, came at the sound of a horn, which was hung on a tree, and ferried passengers over for three stivers wampum. On the North River there was a ferry in 1661; prior to that time, so far as history tells us, there was no question regarding the right, for every man paddled his own canoe. That veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, refers to the thrifty village of Communipaw as the "egg from whence was hatched the mighty city" of New York. "It is within but a half-hour's sail of the latter place, provided you have a fair wind, and may be distinctly seen from the city." He further informs us that "the Dutch negroes, being infinitely more adventurous and more knowing than their masters, carry on all the foreign trade, making frequent voyages to town in canoes loaded with oysters, buttermilk, and cabbages." It was doubtless to accommodate this "foreign trade" that the first ferry on the North River, from Communipaw to New York, was established in 1661; and WILLIAM JANSEN was the first licensed ferry-man, and, in December of that year, was authorized by the Governor-General and Council to charge certain established rates for the service. But erelong he was in trouble with his patrons; for, despising his claims to the exclusive right of transporting persons and goods across the river, they vexed his soul by asserting the right of every man to carry over whom he would, in his own boat.

The authorities of Bergen took the popular side in this controversy, and the sheriff advised the people that every man could keep his own "schuyt," and carry over whom he pleased.

JANSEN complained to the authorities of New Amsterdam, and then this seditious sheriff, being summoned before the Governor-General and Council to answer to the charge of interference with a right held under the license of the worshipful authorities, preferred the countercharge that JANSEN had refused to carry passengers across; the which he stoutly denied, except in case of those who had declined to pay him his lawful dues. Whereupon the Council made a most wise and equitable decision, in favor of both parties; decreeing that the sheriff must do his duty and help JANSEN to collect his pay, and the ferry-man must do his duty or else be dismissed. Thus was established the right of ferriage on the North River, and to the successor of JANSEN, PIETER HETFELSEN, this was emphasized by the license of Governor CARTERET, in 1669, whereby all persons are prohibited from carrying over "any person's goods, corne, or cattle without ye consent or license of said ferry-man," under a penalty of "tenn shillings sterling," to be paid to the ferry-man, "and also to pay to him the fraight for such persons, corne, or cattle as shall be so Illegally transported to the prejudice of said ferry-man. But a man may keep a canoe or boate of his owne for transporting such goodes as belong to himselfe." And the following important privilege was, thus early, appended to the right of ferriage—"*always provided* the Governor and his family are to be freed from paying anything for their transporting as aforesaid." Thus, at the very outset, did some of the important principles connected with the exercise of this franchise find settlement, as they continue to the present day.

In Lord CORNBURY'S charter of 1708 we find the same restriction of the right of individuals to transport "themselves and their own goods only, in their own boats from and to their dwellings and plantations, without paying ferriage. In return for the privileges thus granted and secured to him, the ferry-man was required to maintain "one good boate or more, for transporting passengers and their goodes at all tymes"; "but more particularly he is hereby obliged to attend upon the said Inhabitants of Bergen and Communipaw three days in the week, unless some other Extraordinary Occasions does hinder him, viz., Mondayes, Wednesdayes, and Fridayes, or upon such other dayes as they shall unanimously agree upon, on which dayes the inhabitants are to attend with their goodes and cattle at the houer and tyme appointed and punctually to pay and satisfie the ferry-man for his fraight according to these following rates:

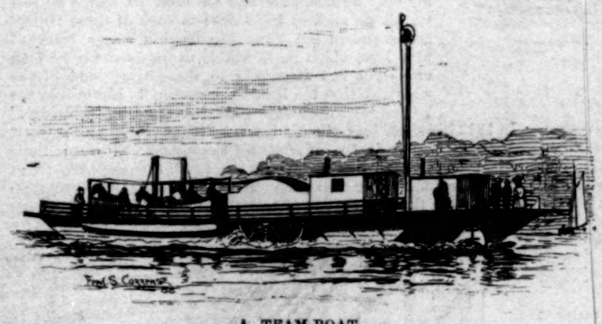


FULTON'S DRAWING OF THE "JERSEY."—FROM WINFIELD'S "HISTORY OF BERGEN COUNTY."

"There shall be paid to the ferry-man six stuivers a head Wampum for every passenger	6 stiv.
For his fraight extraord[y] at all other tymes, iff but one man, 4 Guilders in Wampum; but iff by night and unseasonable weather, as the parties cann agree	4 gl.
For every Scheppel of corne, 2 stiv. in Wampum	2 stiv.
For ½ a barrell or ½ a fatt of beere, 10 stiv. in Wampum; for a whole barrell, 20 stivers; for all other goods and Licq[ors] in cash proportionable	20 stiv.
For a horse or mare, 4 Gilders in Wampum	4 gil.
For a cow, 3 Gilders; for an ox, 4 guilders in Wampum; for a hogg or sow, 15 Stivers in Wampum	15 stiv.
For sheep, 15 Stivers a head in Wampum	15 stiv."

For the accommodation of this business he was expected to furnish only row-boats and canoes—at least this we may fairly infer from the petition of SAMUEL BAYARD, who, half a century later, as ferry-owner, complains that, without permit from the Crown, there are "seaverall persons who make it their Buysenesse to keep Boates and Canowes to transport cattle, horses, and country produce to New York." At this time, 1717, the rates of ferriage were:

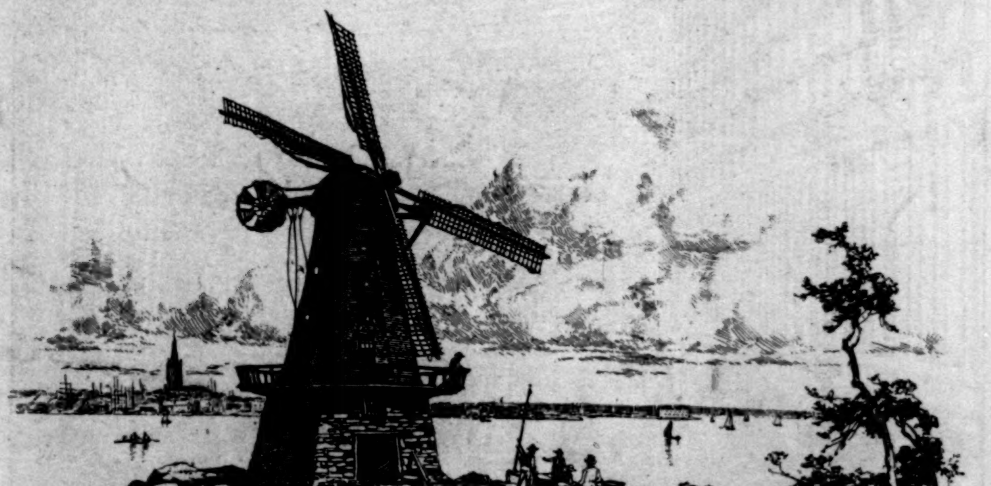
"Man and horse	18 pence.
Single person	1 shilling.
Everything, per bushel	1 penny.
Hogs, sheep, etc.	2 pence.
Barrels	4 pence."



A TEAM-BOAT.

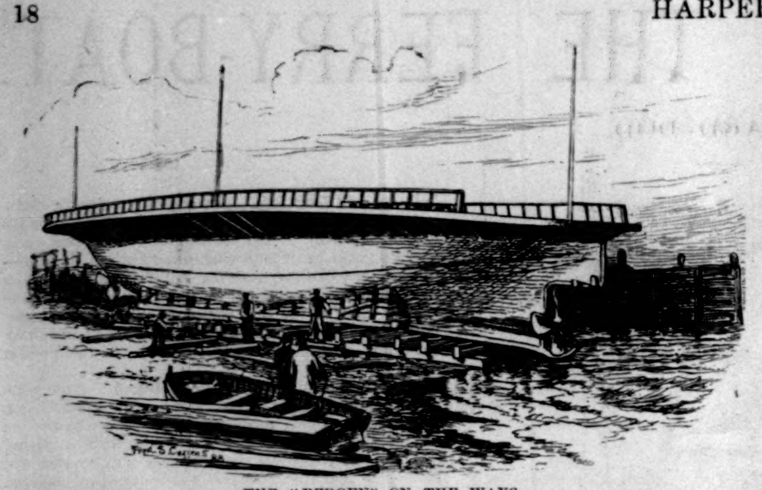
Just one century after the establishment of the Communipaw Ferry, the New York *Mercury* announced, under the caption of "Good News for the Public," that "the long-wished-for ferry is now established, and kept across the North River, from the place called Powles Hook, to the city of New York; and boats properly constructed as well for the conveniency of Passengers as for carrying over Horses and Carriages, do now constantly ply from one shore to the other."

Previous to this time the route to Philadelphia had been by boat to Amboy, and thence by stage; now it was desired to quicken the journey, and make it an all-stage route; as a rival ferry put it, "when the Newark stage would be ready to convey passengers to Newark, and thence, by the excellent New York and Philadelphia Running Machines, in one day, to Philadelphia." On the more progressive ferries these row-boats were large, with two oarsmen, and a set of spare oars for the use of passengers whose business was urgent. The outfit of a Brooklyn ferry in 1789 is thus described: four large cattle-boats, or scows, with spritsail, and two small, or row, boats; the boats, masts, and sails to be approved by the authorities of New York; the boats to be manned by two sober, discreet, and able-bodied watermen; to have four good oars, two boat-hooks, with the name of the owner and the number of the boat painted plainly on the inside of the stern. Two sail-boats were kept by the larger ferries, one on either side of the river, to be used as the wind might serve. To this latter class belonged the "periaugers" (Dutch for pirogue); these were large sail-boats, decked over, and with a rail all around, with two masts, without any bowsprit or boom, with a lee-board (the precursor of the centre-board), which was hung over the side and shifted as occasion called for. The captain carried a tin horn to summon the men at the landing to make the boat fast to the dock. When horses or carriages were transported in the periauger they were unhitched and lifted on board separately, and hence were rarely carried over; the market stuff was always unloaded from the wagons into baskets, and carried over by the slaves. In those days when a member of the family left Jersey for New York he would bid the rest good-by, as though starting on a journey of undetermined duration.



THE OLD WINDMILL, THE STARTING-PLACE OF THE CANOES.

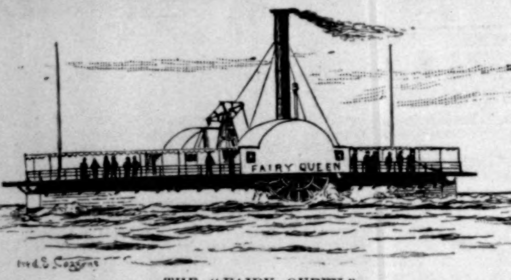
While this means of transit had its drawbacks, so far as speed and safety were concerned, yet to an age which was not in such



THE "BERGEN" ON THE WAYS.

hot haste as we are, under the reign of steam, there were compensations to be found. "Old Si," as the ferry-man was called, who supervised the traffic between "Hobocan-Hackingh" (the land of the tobacco pipe) and New York, was wont to beguile the tedium of the voyage with stories so quaint and racy, and withal so new, scarce ever repeating himself, that he was reputed to have the power of dreaming them overnight; and the old Dutch farmers used to wait over, so as to catch his periauger. He had a dog that discharged the office of mate, of whom "Old Si" was exceedingly fond, and proud too, vowing that he knew more than the Dutch farmers, and kept account of sailing days, and knew when it was to be a row-boat and when a sail-boat; whereas the Dutchmen never failed to tumble themselves and all their stuff into the row-boats when the wind was fair, and into the sail-boats when the river was like a sheet of glass.

The next form in which the ferry-boat showed a marked advance was the team-boat. In a memorial to the New York Legislature, Colonel JOHN STEVENS says, "Your memorialist then placed on said ferry a team-boat, which was the first team ferry-boat that ever plied on said Hudson River." This was a long step forward. In the first place, the power secured was equal to forty oars, or ten times greater than the row-boats. Then, as compared with its rival the periauger, the team-boat had three manifest advantages; it was independent of wind and tide; it could accommodate from six to eight loaded wagons and nearly one hundred persons; and to crown all, you could drive a horse and wagon on the boat without unhitching the team. Accordingly their advent was announced with some pardonable pride, and they were duly inspected by the city authorities, and pronounced by the public all that could be desired for comfort and safety. In structure they were similar to the craft known as catamaran, with double hulls (called by the farmers "Buck and Bright") yoked together by deck beams,



THE "FAIRY QUEEN."

with knees and braces. Between these two hulls, aft of the centre, was the paddle-wheel, which was geared to a kind of tread-mill on which one or two horses walked, and thus propelled the boat. Another form of team-boat had a circular platform in the centre, with cleats to give the horses foothold, and the shaft of the paddle-wheel was made to revolve by means of cranks on a small wheel on either side of the shaft, geared to a large wheel on an upright spindle, like a crab or cider mill, with two or four arms extending over the platform, and to these arms two, four, or eight horses or mules were hitched.

These team-boats had a covered cabin, and were in all respects superior to the scows and periaugers. At first they were "single-enders," and had to turn in crossing the river; but later "double-enders" were used, capable of running "bow on." On one of these a German, a pensioner of FULTON'S, had a cake and candy stand, where he also dispensed to American youth fire-crackers and squibs. Some reckless small boy of those early days fired a cracker on board an eight-horse boat, which startled the horse-power so violently as to break the machinery and leave the boat to drift helplessly down the river to Governor's Island. But the perils of earlier days were even greater; the old cattle-boats were so much at the mercy of wind and tide, and so unsafe on a windy day or in floating ice, that it was no uncommon thing to wait on the Long Island shore a day or two for calm weather, rather than run the risks of the perilous voyage.

At this time Hoboken was an island, with a village of about forty houses, and the patrons of this ferry were chiefly slaves carrying produce to market, with a sprinkling of passengers from the three stage lines terminating in the village. The team-boats were an uncertain dependence in the winter, for an old resident tells how, when but a lad, he started, in the cold gray of a winter morning, with a load of hay for Bull's Head. They coasted the Jersey shore to Whitehall, with their dinner stowed in the hay; then landed and drove to Bull's Head that afternoon, and reached home safely the next evening. To be sure the trip was worth making, for they sold their load of hay for sixty-two dollars.

It is unquestionably true that JOHN STEVENS put the first steam ferry-boat on the Hudson, in 1811; and after a short term of service (thirteen months, he says, in his memorial) withdrew her, in favor of the "more convenient" form of team-boat; whether this "convenience" was not largely determined by the opposition of FULTON and LIVINGSTON, who held the exclusive right to run steam-boats on these waters, he does not say. And yet, in 1817, the Brooklyn Ferry Company declare in favor of team-boats, because "they are more easily navigated, and *much safer* in winter," than steam-boats. In 1812, during the time of service of the *Juliana*, the gross receipts of the Hoboken Ferry were $4098; during 1813, $3089.

At this time the ferry-boats landed in a sort of basin of piles; and the bridges were carried on the team-boats themselves, and being hoisted during the passage over the river, served as a sort of guard against accidents, which were not unknown even at that early date; for, among the casualties of that day, the New York *Mercury* notices the sad death of Mrs. MORRIS and her maid, who, having rashly kept their seat in the stage-coach as it was being transported over the river, as they neared the shore the stage was upset and they were drowned. She was an actress, and at that time her husband was playing King Henry in *Richard III.*, in the old play-house in John Street. About this time Colonel STEVENS adopted the floating stairs, to fall or rise with the tide, and so to "keep them on a level with the deck of the boat at all times," which he duly heralds as a great advance, tending both to secure safety and comfort to the public.

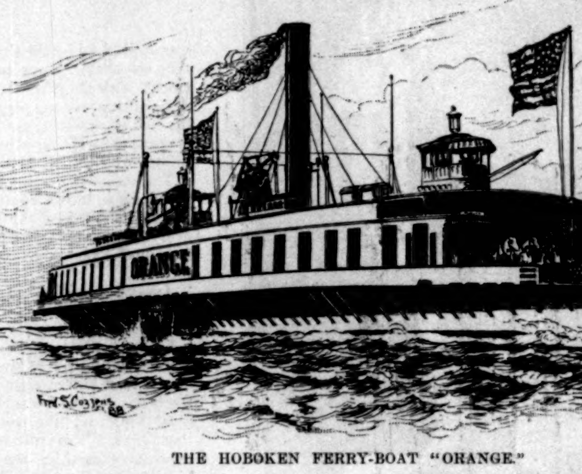
In 1810 the New York *Evening Post* announced that arrangements had been made with FULTON to build steam-boats for the Jersey Associates. They had advanced him $50,000 to forward his inventions in this direction, and as the fruit of this, in July, 1812, the *Jersey* was put upon the ferry. In the *Centinel of Freedom* appears the following, under date July 12, 1812: "I crossed the North River yesterday in the Steam Boat with my family, in my carriage, without alighting therefrom, in fourteen minutes, with an immense crowd of passengers. I cannot express to you how much the public mind appeared to be gratified at finding so large and so safe a machine going so well. On both shores were thousands of people viewing this pleasing object." Her dimensions were 80 feet in length and 30 feet in width.

FULTON'S description will explain the illustration: "She is built of two boats, each 10 feet beam, 60 feet long, and 5 feet deep in the hold; which boats are distant from each other 10 feet, confined by strong transverse beam knees and diagonal braces, forming a deck 30 feet wide and 80 feet long. The propelling water-wheel is placed between the boats to prevent it from injury from ice and shocks on entering or approaching the dock. The whole machinery being placed between the two boats, leaves 10 feet on the deck of one boat for carriages, horses, cattle, etc., the other, having neat benches and covered with an awning, is for passengers, and there is also a passage and stairway to a neat cabin, which is 50 feet long and 5 feet clear from the floor to the beams, furnished with benches and with a stove in winter. Although the two boats and space between them give 30 feet beam, yet they present sharp bows to the water, and have only the resistance in the water of one boat of 20 feet beam. Both ends being alike, and each having a rudder, she never puts about." Of the dock he says: "It is 180 feet long, 70 wide; the bridge is fastened to the middle of the bulkhead. The boat being only 30 feet wide and the dock 70, leaves 20 feet vacant on each of her sides; in each of these 20-feet spans and in the water are floating stages, made of pine logs, which lie favorable to the boat for 30 feet, and these run diagonally to the extreme end of the wharf, so that the boat when coming in hits within the 70 feet, and the stages guide her direct to the bridge." In 1813 her sister boat, the *York*, was built and placed on the ferry. WINFIELD, in his *History of Hudson County*, says: "It is said these boats would ordinarily take an hour and a half to make a trip; that when they met in the river passengers could hold quite a conversation before they got beyond talking distance; in fact, they were

'Like fat green turtles fast asleep
On the still surface of the deep.'

They started on their daily duties every morning at sunrise from each side of the river, and ran all day every hour by 'St. Paul's Church clock.'"

The next steam-boat, the *New Jersey*, had but a short life, her boiler having exploded but a little time after her completion, killing her pilot and one passenger. And the fourth boat was such a complete failure that she was known as "VERMILYE'S folly." It was said that in crossing the river she would have to stop and get up steam, and that to clean her flues they used to put a live cat in at the bottom and start the fire underneath, which sent the cat out in a lively manner at the top, and the flues were ready for use. In 1814 FULTON built, for the Brooklyn Company, the *Nassau*, a sister boat to the *Jersey*, and the *Long Island Star* of May 11, 1814, notices "this noble boat, which surpassed the expectations of the public in the rapidity of her movements. Her trips varied from five to twelve minutes, according to wind and weather. Wagons pass on the boat, however crowded, as on a bridge. She crossed last Sunday forty times," and her custom is given as "549 passengers, one wagon, two chairs with their horses, and one saddle-horse." In 1822 the *Hoboken* was built by the Messrs. STEVENS, and in 1823 the *Pioneer*. Of this latter boat a New York paper of the day gives an extended notice, describing her trial trip, when the "members of the Corporation and a large number of distinguished guests" were on board, and adds, "the river here is a mile and one-third in breadth—it was traversed in about seven minutes in going, and in returning, against somewhat of a head-wind and the young flood, with all the awnings up, in about seven

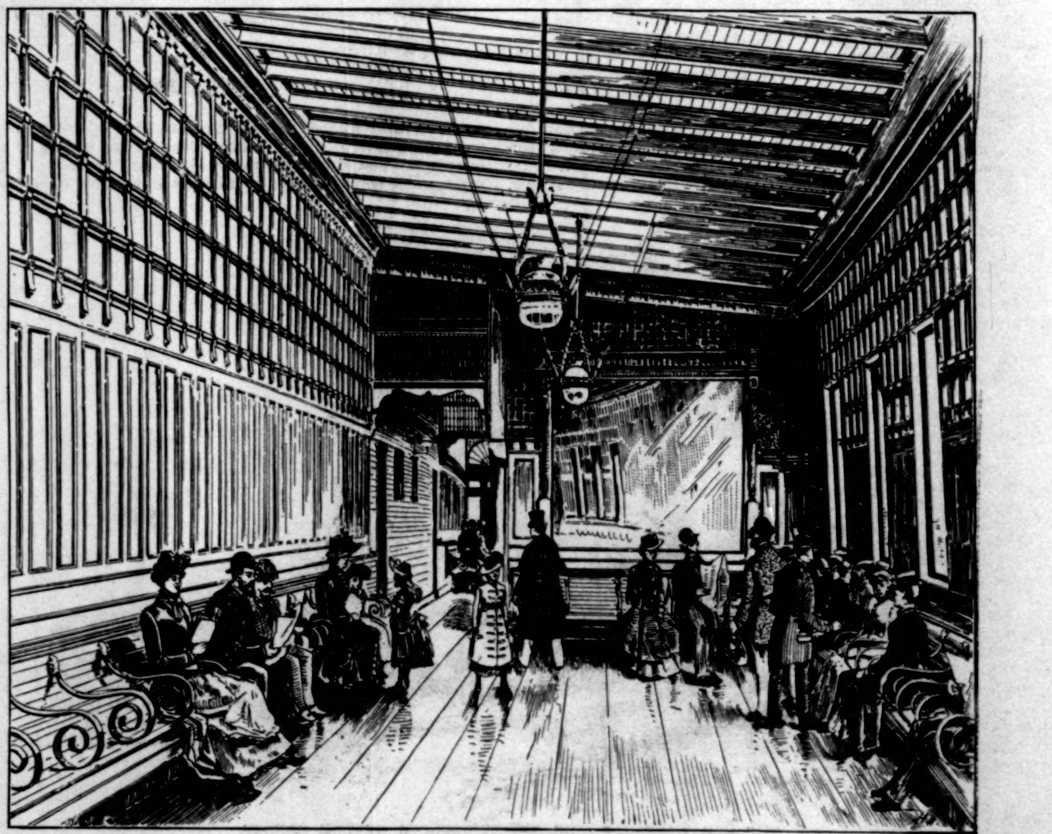


THE HOBOKEN FERRY-BOAT "ORANGE."

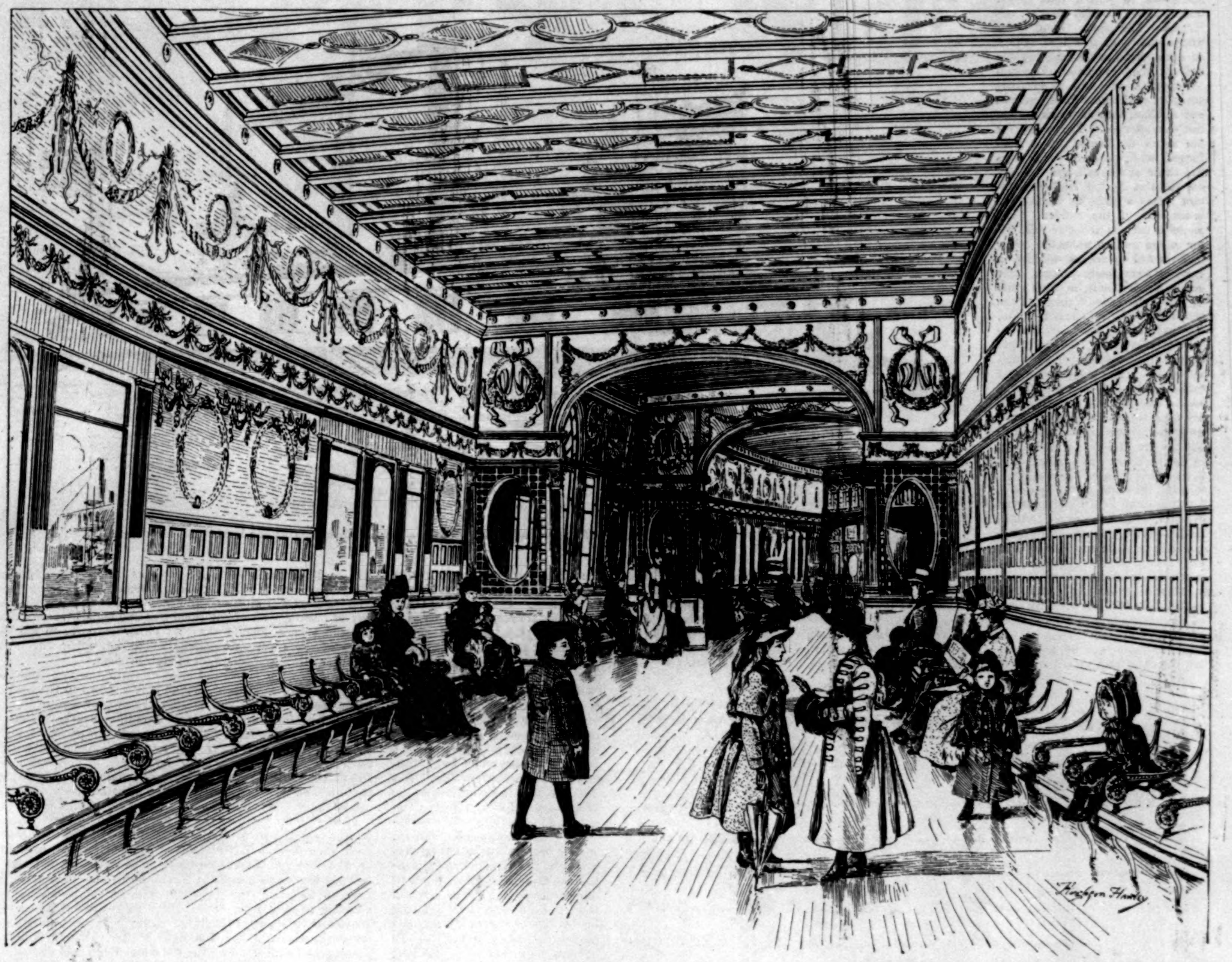
and one-half minutes—going a rate of velocity unequalled as yet, we suspect, by any steam-boat." Here is progress, from fourteen minutes for the trip from Jersey City to Mesier's Dock (Cortlandt Street), to seven minutes for the trip from Hoboken to Vesey Street.

There has been, too, a rapid advance in the cost of the boats. The sail-boat *Corinthian* is set down as costing $1361.88½; the *Pioneer* cost $16,874.50. To be sure, as an offset against the cheaper boats, with their slower transit, must be reckoned many things that were needed to provide for the comfort and accommodation of the travellers who lingered on the way overnight. For example, next the item of the cost of the *Corinthian*, we find in the old accounts a charge of $1167.30¼ for a billiard-room. There is no explanation given, but perhaps this was a necessary appendage of a ferry in the good old days, when men took their ease with mine host at the inn as they journeyed from the "Jersies to Manhattan."

Five years later the *Fairy Queen* was built, and she acquired a fictitious fame, outside the line of her profession, by having been selected as a typical boat on which to hang the joke of the Metropolitans against their neighbors; for BURTON put her realistically upon the stage of his theatre at 444 Broadway, and the newsboys jumped from her decks and ran about the stage shouting, "Arrival of the *Fairy Queen* from Hoboken—latest news from Jer-



CABIN OF HOBOKEN FERRY-BOAT "ORANGE."



CABIN OF THE NEW HOBOKEN FERRY-BOAT "BERGEN."

sey!" Whereas the *Pioneer* was 115 feet long, and the *Hoboken* 110 feet, the *Fairy Queen* was only 75 feet at first (though she was afterward cut in two and lengthened). Perhaps this was from motives of economy, for her cost is set down at the moderate sum of $10,600. There are still in service on the Hoboken Ferry those who remember the old *Pioneer* and *Fairy Queen*, and from their recollection has been gathered this description of them.

By this time all the old horse-boats were gone, and steam alone was the motive-power for ferry-boats on the North River. FULTON's double hull had been abandoned, but his cabin below deck was adhered to. The engine was on one side of the boat, a beam-engine with 25-inch cylinder and 5-feet stroke, with no slides, but only parallel motion to steady the piston. The engine was built by JAMES ALLAIRE in 1823. The fuel used was pine wood, which had this disadvantage, that sometimes, after a voyage from 6 A.M. to 12, struggling with the heavy ice, which they had not power to break through, and having exhausted all their fuel, these boats would have to land their passengers at Jersey City, or put back to Hoboken for a fresh supply of wood. The hulls of these boats were stoutly built of oak beams and cedar planks, with yellow pine decks. In model they were a sort of egg-shape ("shovel-nose," as it was called), with a rudder at each end, hung and fastened with a pin, as at present, but they were steered with a tiller. The deck was clear, except for the small engine-room and the paddle-boxes which covered the wheels. Around the guards ran a rail about two feet six inches high, and an awning was stretched over the deck at a height of about eight feet, with a fringe all around the boat about two feet deep, scalloped on the edge and bound with red braid. This, of course, must be furled when a load of hay or other bulky stuff came aboard, or in stormy weather. There were loose benches on the deck for the use of passengers in fair weather; and there was a bar on all these boats. For cold and stormy weather there were cabins below deck at either end of the boat, which were reached by separate companion-ways, of about the style that is found on schooners of the present day. All around the ends of these cabins were locker-seats of mahogany, without arms, and the rest of the cabin was finished in walnut and mahogany or bird's-eye maple. In some of these boats the cabin floor was covered with oil-cloth or carpet, and the seats were cushioned and upholstered with crimson velvet. The cabins had from six to seven feet head-room, were lighted with dead-lights around the hull, and warmed with wood stoves, and in some cases, tradition says, with open wood fires. Besides the seats around the cabin ends there were three-legged stools with wooden seats, on which, when the voyage was prolonged, the companionable passengers gathered around the stoves in cold weather, and calling for a hot toddy, would tell stories or play whist, or would call BEN, the fireman, who was a famous fiddler in his day, and could beguile the voyage right pleasantly. They tell the tale of a prize-fight being set on foot once in the forward cabin, which so greatly interested passengers and crew, who all gathered there to watch it, that the boat was left to drift in mid-stream until the last round was fought.

In those old days provident passengers were wont to carry a lunch with them in foggy or winter weather, and this, with the bar on board, secured them against suffering under the delays of the voyage. The time of starting was not always strictly according to the schedule, for there are tales afloat of a purse being made up for a foot-race among the crew, in which the interest was so absorbing that the "hour by St. Paul's clock" was clean forgotten. The slips and bridges at this time were on the same general plan as now, in that the boats were round on the end; and the bridges were cut on a sweep to receive the boats, but they were open to the weather, and were supported only by chains, without floats underneath, and were raised and lowered by a crank. Far in advance of previous means of reaching the haven of Manhattan shores as were these boats, yet a voyage in them was hardly satisfactory at all times and seasons. In fair summer weather they could make as good time as the present ferry-boat, but in seasons of ice and fog it was another matter. The captain stood on the paddle-box and shouted his orders to the engineer and to the helmsman at the tiller. In foggy weather the compass was brought out from the locker and set upon a stool on deck in front of the tiller, while the captain kept watch at the bow or on the paddle-box. This arrangement gave a chance for the joke of helmsman Bob, who, when his captain called to him, as they were drifting in the fog, well out of sight of land, "Where's the compass now, Bob?" answered briskly, "She's a-settin' on the stool, Captain."

These boats, like all the others on the North River at this time, ran "every hour by St. Paul's clock" to Barclay Street, with a boat to Christopher Street three or four times a day, as weather would permit. In winter-time their trips were more uncertain, and they often abandoned all attempt to make their regular landings and went down to Whitehall, spending not unfrequently the whole day in making the round trip when the ice was heavy. Nor need we wonder at this, when we recall that in 1836 a hotel of rough boards was built upon the ice in the Hudson, about half-way over from New York, where, for several weeks, the passengers and teamsters to and fro would stop to warm themselves with a dram of whiskey.

The next advance was in bringing the cabins on deck, and placing the engine in the centre of the boat, thus giving two team gangways, and putting the pilot-houses on an upper deck, the access to which was by a gang-plank thrown from the upper deck of the cabins across the team gangway. At this point the tiller was abandoned and steering by the wheel was introduced, the pilot being provided with bell-signals to the engineer. In 1833, when Brooklyn citizens had purchased a controlling interest in the ferry to that city, an attempt was made to meet the public demand by separating the traffic, and the *Relief* was built to carry passengers and freight, and the *Olive Branch* for passengers alone. These boats were single hulls, with side wheels; for the old double hulls had become so unpopular, and the excitement regarding them ran so high, that peaceable citizens threatened to join a mob to sink the "old ice-catchers."

We cannot boast that the ferry-boat of to-day has made any advance in point of speed over those of fifty years ago; but in safety, comfort, and security of transit there has been a very great advance, even during the last twenty-five years. The boats have been gradually enlarged, first by bringing the cabins on deck, then by a gangway connecting the cabins; this was first done on the ladies' side, and one team gangway was covered; later, both cabins were connected and both team gangways covered, which necessitated the raising of the upper deck for the passage of high loads. The old stoves were long ago discarded, and the cabins heated with steam or hot water. The latest heating and ventilating apparatus is the Sturtevant system, in use on the *New York*, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry. By this system the air in winter is driven over a coil of heated steam-pipe, by a separate engine and blower; it is then conducted by means of tin pipes to the *top* of the cabin, and the outlet for the air is underneath the cabin seats; thus, it is claimed, a perfectly equable temperature is secured, the air is frequently changed and kept sweet and fresh; and the same apparatus affords an effectual means of supplying fresh cool air in summer.

The latest advance in construction is the use of iron or steel for the hull, with deck beams of the same material, and water-tight compartments fore and aft, which effectually provide against the dangers of being sunk by collision. The interior finish of the cabins has also kept pace with the increased size of the boats; and modern styles of decoration and fittings have been adopted by the different ferries. The cabins are lighted with gas or electricity in place of the old oil lamps; the joiner-work is handsomely finished in hard woods, as shown in the interior view of the *Orange*, where a good combination has been secured by the use of cherry and maple, the seats being cherry, with bent wood arms. The large mirror at the end of the cabin enhances the impression of its size. On the West Shore Ferry very handsome and elaborate decoration of the cabins has been made with Lincrusta-Walton, and stained glass in the transoms. On the Pennsylvania Ferry the white pine joiner-work has been adhered to; but very good effects have been secured by painting in delicate and harmonious tints, lightened with gold and bronze. On the *Paunpeck*, pressed wood has been substituted for the plain surface of the panels; and on the *Secaucus* an experiment has been made in the use of quartered oak enclosing panels covered with buckram, painted an old-red tint, flecked with bronze and silver powder. Large plate-glass windows and transoms of stained glass are common on the boats of all the ferries.

The old wooden wheel with the oaken arms and buckets is being supplanted by paddle-wheels with iron or steel arms and steel-faced buckets, and heavy steel rims; so that one of these wheels will weigh from twenty-five to thirty tons, and will stand the severe test of being driven by powerful engines through the great fields of floating ice among which the old boats drifted like whalers in an arctic ice-floe. Up to this date, however, there has been but one type of engine on the ferry-boats in New York waters, the American walking-beam low-pressure engine, for which the Fletcher Company, of New York, have made such an excellent reputation. These have gradually increased in size, from 25-feet diameter of cylinder with 5-feet stroke, to 46 and 50 inch cylinder with 10-feet stroke, to keep pace with the increasing size of the boats and the greater diameter of water-wheel; but the type has not varied.

But now there has been built, for the Hoboken Ferry Company, a radically new type of boat, a double-end propeller ferry-boat, with a screw at either end, to take the place of the paddle-wheels. Her hull, which has been constructed by T. S. MARVEL, of Newburgh, is of the following dimensions:

Length between uprights	200 feet.
" over all on deck	203 "
Beam	37 "
" over all on deck	62 "
Depth of hold amidships	17 "

She is built of mild steel throughout; the keel is of the plate pattern, three-quarters of an inch thick, 22 inches deep. The floors, 21 inches apart, are attached to the keel by angle-clips, and a flat plate riveted to each floor; belts, 14 inches deep, with reverse bars, are attached to every third frame. Lateral and longitudinal bulk-